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HOPE of Irish peace trembles in the balance. On the surface the difficulty seems to be one of words or diplomatic formulas. Actually it goes much deeper; Lloyd George has conceded much, but not the one thing needful, namely, the right of a nation to determine its own political allegiance subject only to the universal obligation of fair dealing with its neighbors. It is this cardinal principle of self government which the Tory element in the British cabinet has forced Mr. George to deny by requiring that the Irish negotiators come to a conference bound in advance to accept allegiance to the Imperial crown. A world grown weary of pretty phrases criticizes the Irish for their "lack of political realism." But a truer realism would recognize that Britain's great chance of persuading the Irish people to accept Dominion Home Rule is to drop coercion and argue the case on its merits. There is much to be said for a bona fide Dominion status, especially from the standpoint of ease in winning Ulster to Irish unity. The Irish leaders have not rejected it; they have only insisted that the Irish people have a sovereign right to accept or reject a place in the Empire which heretofore the English have sought to impose on them by long centuries of bloody oppression.

BUT the outlook for peace is by no means hopeless. The Irish have given evidence of reasonableness. Mr. de Valera declares that he does not seek to bind the British in advance of conference but desires to leave both sides free for negotiation. Many causes unite to make Lloyd George shrink from the only alternative to a negotiated peace which his statesmanship can encompass—a war virtually of extermination. From this liberal sentiment in England, the Dominions, America, and the whole world would recoil. Then perhaps Mr. George himself has some remnants of his old conscience, or at least an honest desire for fame as the man who settled the Irish issue. But most important of all is the economic situation. Britain cannot afford a new war, not only because of its direct costs but because of its probably disastrous effect upon all her schemes for getting her own debt to the United States funded upon a satisfactory basis.

THREE hundred and twenty-five men have been indicted for murder by the Logan county grand jury in connection with the march of the West Virginia miners. Two hundred more indictments were returned charging insurrection and "pistol toting." Among those charged with murder are Messrs. Keeney and Mooney, president and secretary of the miners' union, who did their best at the request of the army officers to get the men to disperse. But so far as appears in the dispatches the list includes no Baldwin-Felts' company detective, no company-owned deputy sheriff, none of those whom General Bandholtz, commander of the United States troops, charged with "the ill advised and ill timed advance movement of State Constabulary on the night of August 27, resulting in bloodshed." Logan county is owned by the coal corporations body and soul. The nature of their control was shown by the experience of a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Everything he wrote was censored by a representative of "Logan county's army of defense." And the censor ruled out such lines as these: "Gaunt-faced women barefooted and expressionless, watched the troops pass. Some of them waved half-heartedly." The censor's comment was: "Cut that out. No sob stuff for those red necks." These same coal operators who are carrying out their program of wholesale revenge have apparently had influence enough to persuade the Senate's Investigation Committee to give up its official public hearings in the disturbed district and substitute an informal inquiry in which so far only Senators Kenyon and Shortridge are participating. The West Virginia situation ought to be of especial concern to those Americans who hotly deny the theory that the state is, or tends to be, nothing but police agent of dominant property interests. The West Virginia situation does more to spread abroad this theory than all the radical agitators in or out of jail.

FOUR against thirty-seven, England, France, Japan, and Italy last year blocked the proposal to make universal the jurisdiction of the new World Court. At this year's session of the League Assembly the same Great Powers stand aligned against the little Powers on the question of disarmament. The little Powers want disarmament now; the big Powers say the Washington Conference is coming along and that it will be adequately discussed there. Incidentally, the bothersome little Powers are not invited

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to Washington. Once more the strangle-hold which the big Powers have on the League is demonstrated. The League Assembly is no such democratic parliament of the nations as men had dreamed; it is still ruled by the elder diplomats of the Great Powers. Until that control is amended out of the League Covenant the League cannot become in any real sense a peace league. But as a routine international conference for the discussion of minor economic questions—railways, rivers, cables, copyrights, etc.—it serves a valuable end in building up a tradition of joint international action.

"IN the absence of a single, recognized Russian Government," says Secretary Hughes, "the protection of legitimate Russian interests must devolve as a moral trusteeship upon the entire [Washington] conference." Stuff and nonsense, Mr. Hughes! "Moral trusteeship," when any of the Great Powers is the moral trustee, is about as thoroughly discredited a form of buncombe as ever was. The point of Mr. Hughes' letter is this: the Washington Armaments Conference will discuss the fate of the diplomatically important and Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway. The Far Eastern Republic, the organized Siberian republic whose excellent constitution was printed in *The Nation* for September 14, asked to participate in deliberations which so intimately concerned it. Nay, says Mr. Hughes. We [who blockaded and invaded Russia and subsidized every kind of Czarist and semi-czarist freebooter] must conserve "legitimate Russian interests" and maintain her "territorial inviolability" [except on the Polish frontier]. As well defend the "territorial inviolability" of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire! When Japan insists upon private settlement of the Shantung question between herself and the Peking Chinese Government, with the Government of South China and the only real Government in all Siberia excluded, what possible end can discussion of East Asiatic questions at Washington serve?

MR. W. H. GRAY, President of the National Association of Independent Oil Producers, publicly charges the Standard Oil Company not only with engineering a three months' boycott of Mexican oil to compel the government to abolish its export tax, but also with direct complicity in plotting the Mexican revolution which fizzled so badly early in July despite the opportune dispatch of two American warships. This charge calls to heaven for disproof. If it stands, it proves again the absolute unscrupulousness of exploiting interests eager for profit. They are the makers of modern empire. But their power depends upon a lot of popular illusions which these revelations ought to dispel.

SPEAKING of Americanism, which many people are, will some kind reader forward a Child's History of the United States to E. Mont Reily, lately of Kansas City, Missouri, and now Governor of Porto Rico? Colonial administrators the world over rarely achieve the level of achievement of a Cromer or even of a Cameron Forbes, but for sheer ineptitude, bumptiousness, boorishness, and general unfitness it would be hard to equal this appointee of Mr. Harding. His latest ukase is, "I shall never appoint any man to office who is an advocate of independence." The letter to Senor Barceló, President of the Porto Rican Senate, which contains this statement is a masterpiece of cheap bullying. And if the desire for independence to which Porto Ricans, differing from the majority in the United States in race, temperament, and culture, have an entirely legitimate right to aspire, has not been in the past the irrepressible wish of all their number, it may not long be thus. A Reily in the governor's seat will before long make out of Porto Rico an American Ireland.

SUPPOSE Mr. Samuel Gompers were to announce that henceforth the strongest unions would refuse to deal with any employers who acted in prearranged concert with other employers or who engaged an outside attorney to represent them; suppose furthermore that he were in a position to enforce this demand by a combination of economic and physical force, and insisted on this position in defiance of a governmental board or in repudiation of an established plan for mediation—what a howl would go up from all our guardians of the workers' ethics! Yet press and pulpit have been silent or sympathetic in the face of an analogous stand by great employers. The Pennsylvania Railroad in defiance of the demand of the Railway Labor Board still refuses to deal with union officials as representatives of its shop employees and insists that it will meet only actual employees chosen at elections held under its direction. The meat packers, too, refuse even to discuss the renewal of the working agreement with the unions arrived at under Federal arbitration. Instead they have set up "company unions" which they allege are endorsed by 90 per cent of their 75,000 employees. These are the same packers whom the United States Government has just decided drastically to regulate after the misleading character of packing house statistics had been scathingly indicted by the Federal Trade Board. Hard times, fear of unemployment, and the elaborate and ruthless system of industrial espionage make company unions in the packing houses or on the Pennsylvania Railroad system no free expression of the workers but a hypocritical device to fool a public which rather likes to play with the idea of democracy in industry. Such unions do not fool the workers.

JUDICIAL decisions may in theory be made in a vacuum, utterly uninfluenced by the current tides of public feeling. In fact they reflect with a rather significant accuracy current conventional ideas of justice and injustice. Hence the hopefulness of three recent decisions. In Chicago the South Park Commissioners ordered the old Washington Park Forum to abandon its meetings. A group of citizens sought an injunction restraining the Commissioners from interfering with the Forum. Judge Harry Fisher granted the injunction, holding that the Commission had no right to prohibit use of the public park arbitrarily, "out of fear that someone might say or do unlawful things at such gatherings, nor can it vest its power in any of its officials to say who shall and who shall not have the privilege of gathering there." Good for Judge Fisher! It is only common sense and constitutional Americanism, but those qualities have lately been rare. Another hopeful decision was that of Mr. Justice McAvoy of New York. Jacques Cibrario, sent to the United States by the Soviet Government to buy motion picture film, is charged with swindling the Soviet Government. Cibrario claimed that Charles Recht, attorney for the Soviet Government, had no power to sue because the Soviet Government was not recognized by our State Department. Justice McAvoy ruled otherwise.

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OUT in California the State Supreme Court has just unanimously ruled that the Alien Poll Tax Law was unconstitutional in that it conflicted with the Fourteenth Amendment to the national Constitution and with the American treaty with Japan. We have not yet seen the full text of this extraordinary decision, but we hail it as a long step toward a decent international policy. It is particularly encouraging that it was a bench of California judges which rendered the decision, not a Federal court sitting outside of the State.

STILL at it! The Sunday edition of the New York *Times* for September 18 carries a full page of Russian pictures. One of them bears the explicit caption, "Delegates to the Third Communist International at Moscow shoulder their arms as an example to the proletariat of the world; at the head of the column, left to right, are: Russian, American, English, French, German, Austrian, and Italian representatives." This is pure invention. The picture (which incidentally was taken on June 17, not "a month ago," as the *Times* states) portrays a group of members of the Russian Communist Party marching gun on shoulder in the Red Square of Moscow. Most of them are returned Russian-Americans; none are French or German or Austrian or Italian. The delegates to the Third International never shouldered arms as an example or otherwise.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, acting as Arbitrator in the building wage controversy in Chicago, recently rendered a decision reducing the scale of wages. The Associated Builders of Chicago—the employers—reprinted the text of the decision in a handsome pamphlet. But, curiously enough, although the pamphlet gives no hint of the fact, the last paragraph of Judge Landis' decision is entirely omitted from the reprint. The text of the paragraph itself explains why:

> . . . A very large proportion of all building material is subject to artificial control. In utter contempt of State and Federal penal codes, firms and corporations controlling the various lines have associated themselves together to fix and maintain prices. Business is divided up among the members of these associations and adherence to the allotments is enforced by penalties, reimbursements, and other devices denounced by the criminal law. This atrocious situation is beyond the reach of the umpire, but the activities of grand juries and prosecuting officers gives me faith that real war is being waged against this species of criminality.

ON the same day that Secretary Hoover gave out his list of conferees on unemployment, the New York police clubbed and rode down, not once but three times, great crowds of the unemployed and their friends who had gathered for Urbain Ledoux's distribution of food and "auction of the jobless." Such outrages nullify one's hope for the Hoover Conference on Unemployment. Mr. Ledoux's plan may be wise or otherwise. The labor politicians of New York's Trade and Labor Council and other citizens have a right to condemn it, but if they support these police tactics they renounce every right to stand for labor or for democratic principle. The American fallacy that if you don't like something you must suppress it, applied to this social problem, will lead to tragedy. So far the demonstrations of the unemployed have been peaceful; the way to make them violent is to add repression to hunger.

ATLANTA, Georgia, is the capital of that apotheosis of bigotry and flubdubbery, the Ku Klux Klan. Out of Atlanta has come the most inspiriting of recent statements on the race question, issued by the women of a special section of the Georgia Committee on Inter-Racial Cooperation. We quote two of the most significant paragraphs:

> We are convinced that if there is any one crime more dangerous than another, it is that crime which strikes at the root of, and undermines constituted authority, breaks all laws and restraints of civilization, substitutes mob violence and masked irresponsibility for established justice and deprives society of a sense of protection against barbarism.
>
> Therefore, we believe that no falser appeal can be made to Southern manhood than that mob violence is necessary for the protection of womanhood, or that the brutal practice of lynching and burning of human beings is an expression of chivalry. We believe that these methods are no protection to anything or anybody, but that they jeopardize every right and every security that we possess.

That, we hope, is the authentic voice of the New South.

ONCE more it appears that those who seek to profit most by talk of morals and chivalry have least of these virtues. The New York *World's* astonishing revelations based on court records as to the character of the Klan's Imperial Kleagle and the Grand Chief of the Women's Division ought not merely to insure indignant and final rejection by the American public of that aggregation of associated bigots, but also to awaken wholesome suspicion of all those who invoke the aid of mobs to protect others' morals.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE is something more than a great jurist and an international lawyer of learning and distinction; he is a man of vision with a broad, sympathetic outlook on affairs. His election as member of the Court of International Justice speaks well for the discernment and intentions of the League of Nations. He will not officially represent the United States, for the world court project has never been ratified by this government, but unofficially he will represent whatever generous and liberal international sentiment exists in this country. We are proud to claim him as an unofficial ambassador to the world, and his presence on the bench of an international court should do much to redeem it from ineffectiveness. It is interesting that of the eleven judges chosen only five are from the great Powers, the rest being distributed among Spain, Brazil, Cuba, Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland. If any questions of real importance come before the court, this may become a factor making for peace and conciliation.

THE American fame of Cardinal Mercier rests wholly upon his prominence in the political affairs of Belgium during the period of invasion and occupation. He is, as a matter of fact, one of the most, if not the most, eminent of living Catholic psychologists. His "Psychology," a massive work in two volumes, accepts all the researches of modern investigators and seeks to embody them in a system which shall satisfy the demands of contemporary science and yet remain in harmony with the speculative synthesis that is connected with the names of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas. The French original of this work is now in its ninth edition. It is a curious and significant circumstance that we gather this information not from a copy of the French text, but from one of the German translations by L. Habrich, now in its second printing.

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The Moral Defenses of Imperialism

WE who believe that imperialism is the arch foe of world peace and that its primary motive is economic, need to remind ourselves that it has certain moral defenses without which it could not long endure. The white man never carries a burden which does not bring him profit or glory, but somehow he also persuades himself that as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord he is worthy of his exorbitant hire. The horrible cruelties of the Spanish Conquest, the British slave traffic, and the chattel slavery of our own country were defended by a belief, by no means always hypocritical, that the victims ought to be thankful for the chance of salvation and civilization bestowed upon them by their masters. Emphatically the same thing is true of modern imperialism in its various forms. For the exploitation of a country like India, a class like our unskilled immigrant workers, a race like the Negroes, there is always the defense: these people are so much better off than if left to their own devices. And modern imperialism has often secured honorable agents. Many an English civil servant in out of the way corners of Asia, or American school teacher on Mindanao, or German doctor in East Africa, without personal selfishness, has served not merely government but sanitation, order, and "civilization" with a quite heroic quality. But such service has never altered the fundamental character of imperialism as a means of exploitation.

During the war imperialism, at least of the German brand, was out of fashion. But the pendulum has swung. Self-determination in Central Europe—that is self-determination as worked out at Versailles—in the opinion of competent observers has wrought economic devastation and substituted many petty tyrannies for the tyranny of the old Austrian Empire which so many brave men died to overthrow. Today, prominent liberals are far more concerned lest independence for Ireland, to say nothing of Egypt, should Balkanize the world than that Lincoln's principle that no man is good enough to govern another without his consent should be put in practice. In this popular defense of imperialism there are several discernible strands. The first is the aggressively benevolent idea of doing good to somebody. The eulogist of British rule in India, after a brief apology for Warren Hastings and a few of his successors, will eloquently insist that the British Raj restored order, established peace, built railroads, fought disease, abolished suttee, etc., etc. On Africa they are even more eloquent. Usually they expound a dubiously scientific doctrine of "superior" and "inferior" races or else they talk of more or less "advanced" peoples. So good a man as Sir Harry Johnston writes of the "Backward peoples" who have "mostly stopped in some rut" as compared with the "White man" who "has attained the powers and outlook of a demi-god." Obviously, the demi-god must rule, albeit, Sir Henry urges, he ought to rule decently and "without rudeness and racial arrogance."

Let us briefly examine the defense of imperialism in the classic case of India. It assumes, quite without proof, that the India of the eighteenth century could never have achieved internal unity or any measure of progress without British intervention. It underestimates Indian civilization and overestimates Anglo-Saxon. It forgets that if a monstrous custom constrained certain Hindu widows to immolate themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres, Anglo-Saxon Georgia, home of "the invisible empire," burns human beings at the stake to make holiday for the mobs. It has never adequately answered Lajpat Rai's argument, based on British records, that India before the coming of the British Raj was happier, more literate, less hungry and, above all, more self-respecting, than today. And the overwhelming condemnation of imperialism is the simple fact that India itself has weighed it in the balance and found it wanting. Gandhi goes too far, we believe, in his condemnation of Western civilization; his judgment is the judgment of a saint. The common people are not saints but neither are they such fools as to reject overwhelmingly the great gift of that white demi-god, the British Raj, unless it violated their inmost spirit.

Even in Africa, where undoubtedly the Negroes are in a primitive state it is false to believe that peonage to Europeans under civilization is wholly preferable to the native savagery. Mr. E. D. Morel declares that if the African system of land tenure existed in England "the English people would be a happier people," but over a large area the Western exploiter has rooted that system out. We are not arguing that the Western world has nothing to give or even that it has given nothing, but simply that a greater trust in the value of Western science, culture, religion, and organization, would have led to their propagation less by coercion and more by persuasion. The process might have been slower but it would be surer. It is not necessary to conquer a country to introduce sanitation, and it is impossible properly to develop native potentialities under the atrophying rule of the conqueror. What might have been done is suggested by a scathing Persian analysis of Lord Curzon's boast of English services to Persia. It recalls how much more valuable were the services of the American Colonel Morgan Shuster employed by the Persians as Treasurer-General than those of his successor imposed by the British. In virtually no country have the Morgan Shusters had a chance.

The second defense of imperialism is made in the name of economic realism. The world is economically interdependent; it cannot prosper as a congeries of small independent political units each of which imposes absurd economic restrictions. It cannot, in Sir Harry Johnston's opinion, allow semi-savages to drive their flocks "over plains and mountains that are little less than vast treasure vaults of valuable minerals and chemicals." Closely related to this argument is the belief that imperialism is a rough but approximately effective way to the world unity which ultimately is necessary to abolish war.

These arguments cannot be ignored. A prosperous world must be an economic unit. It is no ideal solution to say "Africa for the Africans" if that means permanent loss of indispensable minerals. But let the white imperialist press this point cautiously, lest he be asked by what right his race deprives colored races of access to millions of acres in Australia where a white man cannot live. Mankind has no choice today between learning to think and act in terms of world-wide cooperation or reverting to a primitive agricultural stage of development under which the earth cannot support its existing population. But it is precisely this desirable cooperation which imperialism can never obtain. Imperialism is not a road to, but a barrier

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against, internationalism. Imperialist intrigue today is responsible for no small share of the disastrous ultra-nationalism of Central Europe. Polish chauvinism is the foster child of French imperialism. Imperialism never contemplates any unity except one imposed by a class or race to its own advantage. The inevitable revolt against it drives men to excessive particularism and makes internationalism impossible. For centuries men have oscillated between imperialism and revolt. Once in the Middle Ages, it seemed as if Western Europe had almost attained a spiritual unity with group autonomy under the aegis of the church, but that hope passed. Today the true internationalist has no choice; he must turn from coercion to fellowship to achieve his desires, and only free men can practice fellowship. It will, for example, in the long run be easier to persuade a free Ireland to adopt a less dogmatic nationalism than to make her internationalist by force. For imperialism, let it never be forgotten, though it may have unselfish and even benevolent servants, is essentially and ruthlessly selfish—divisive, not unifying. It separates men into exploited and exploiters, and invites between the exploiters war for mastery. Even now the temptation assails America to develop its "sphere of influence" from the Rio Grande to the equator. Let her remember that every great empire from the days of Assyria until now has awakened that fury which has encompassed its doom. To substitute internationalism for imperialism is the essential condition of world peace. That process requires difficult economic and political and still more difficult psychological readjustment. It will be hastened when men begin to understand how weak are the moral defenses of imperialism.

Sea Serpents and Such

IN recent years our old friend the sea serpent seems to have disappeared almost completely from the vasty deep. More, it seems to have disappeared likewise from the vasty land. The latter circumstance is more important, because it is doubtful if the sea serpent ever existed except on land—a pretty yarn spun into the ears of landsmen by jolly sea dogs who knew better.

But although the sea serpent may be on the way to oblivion along with Santa Claus and the five-cent piece of pie, it has, and always will have, its successors. The leopard may not be able to change its spots, but the sea serpent can and does change his shape. Early last summer, it may be recalled by persons whose memories are long, the sea serpent took the somewhat novel shape of Bolshevist pirates. About that time the newspapers came to the conclusion that there had been an unusually large number of ships lost in the preceding six months—especially ships that had put out and not again been heard from. One day a bright ship news reporter, having home-brewed himself into the proper mental state, discovered the reason: that arch fiend Nicolai Lenin had sent out a fleet of Bolshevist privateersmen and pirates and they were ravaging the Seven Seas. It was a brilliant discovery; it gave the public the desired breath of mystery and melodrama—the sea serpent in new shape—and it bolstered up the newspaper propaganda against Russia which was in danger of giving way somewhat as the writers of the heavy editorials started off for their summer vacations.

Of course, there were doubters. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Even the Bolshevists and truth have their defenders. Some wet-blanket shipping men pointed out that, after all, the number of ships which had vanished over the horizon into mystery was not unusually large and the probable explanation for their disappearance was the prevailing tendency to overload vessels, making them easy prey for the sea in heavy weather.

Amidst all the chatter of Bolshevist pirates, one curious case was recorded which deserved more attention than it received. The American schooner Carroll A. Deering drifted on the sands of the Diamond Shoals with all sails set, the crew missing and no apparent reason for their departure. A bottle was found later containing a message that the ship had been captured by an oil-burning pirate and the crew made prisoners. The story recalled that of the Marie Celeste, a classic mystery of the sea. The Marie Celeste was a brig which put out from Digby, Nova Scotia, many years ago and was later found drifting off the coast of Africa with nothing out of order and all sails set. Food was prepared in the cook's galley and the table in the captain's cabin was set. There was no sign of sickness or foul play, yet not a man aboard.

Years passed and no castaway came back from far seas or distant climes to explain the fate of the Marie Celeste. None can say whether it is explained today, although a year or two ago an English newspaper printed what purported to be the explanation. After the death of a gardener named Edwards, in Hampstead, a statement was found in his effects declaring that he was the sole survivor of the brig of mystery. His story, as nearly as it can be understood, was that a stage or bridge had been built for some purpose over or near the ship's side. One day the crew gathered on it to watch a swimming race between the captain and the mate. The structure broke, and all were lost except Edwards, who reached shore. When he returned home he was afraid to tell his tale because of the stories in circulation that pirates had murdered the crew.

All of which may or may not explain the mystery of the Marie Celeste; but investigators for our government are ready more quickly with an explanation of the loss of the Carroll A. Deering. The log of the schooner shows that she was off Cape Fear on January 23 last, while she was not sighted by Lookout Lightship, only ninety miles north, until January 29. Evidently, therefore, she had been in trouble. She signalled the lightship that she had encountered heavy storms and had lost two anchors, but the lightship officers think that was not the full story of her trouble. They report that the crew was running around the deck as without discipline. The government investigators think that the crew mutinied and killed the captain or made him prisoner; that they then tried to make the shore in boats and all were drowned. The message in the bottle is explained as a hoax penned by the man who purported to have found it.

Well, perhaps. But government investigators will never clear up all the mysteries of the sea—past, present, or future—any more than modern science will prevent them. Let us thank fortune for that, for what would the sea be without its mysteries? And let us also thank fortune that there will always be merry romancers to see sea serpents for the delight of a gullible world and to explain mysteries like that of the good schooner Carroll A. Deering in terms of Bolshevism and privateersmen and pirates and Nicolai Oulianov, alias Lenin.

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The Poet Explains

THE poet, upon being asked why he had not published a volume since 1913, spoke with a quiet certitude, with resignation, without a shadow of irritableness or wounded pride.

"All poetry," he said, "whatever its immediate substance or manner, is ultimately philosophical in the sense that it arises from a coherent vision of things. That vision may be, like Shelley's, the vision of a terrestrial and cosmic revolution. It may be, like Arthur Symons's, a reduction of Nietzsche's doctrines to a valiant and vigilant absorption in one's own desires. It must be embraced with faith and with passion. It must be the atmosphere of the spirit in which the poet works. It is neither so definite nor so tangible as in my coarse phraseology. It is terrifyingly real. A synthesis of some sort is behind all good verse. Poetry lives in a cosmos. A spiritual order is its soil.

"For several years after August, 1914, I used periodically to look over my manuscript verses. The substance of them was quite varied and the number of distinctively reflective poems was small. But the life had gone out of them. Their colors seemed to have come out of a shop, their thoughts out of a classroom. I copied them neatly and wrote over them, 'Diversions of an Idealist Before the War,' and put them away with all their empty hopes and wilted ardors. Their world of vision had collapsed like a child's balloon.

"My mere poetic faculty remained. Had I been twenty, perhaps the passions of experience would themselves have forced me into speech. For what is popularly known as inspiration is nothing but that poetic passion which experience engenders in the mind. But since I am not twenty, an inner monitor interposed with the warning that the passionate reaction from experience was perhaps, like all those other past reactions in my old verses, not a valid or permanent or permanently vital one and that these new verses, too, might wither like flowers strewn on a grave.

"The image is banal enough and contains an element of pathos that amuses me. But it has the virtue of exactness. My old cosmos was dead. There is a type of philosopher who can play in an exhilarating fashion with an entirely discontinuous world—an infinitely pluralistic universe. That is, in truth, what the imagists, too, have done. And for a while I was tempted to join them. Though a vision of the whole was gone and though emotion had become dangerous, the mere veil of appearances remained. But I soon shrank from this mere loitering amid innumerable brilliant bits of color which are not even the colors of the phenomenal world as given but of polished jade and agate, of the carpenter's varnish and the goldsmith's glow. I clung to the humble and the concrete. But words are not things. They are, in their own nature, interpretative, packed with intellectual and moral connotations. And these connotations now seemed to me all wrong. I had, in order to continue creative work, to build a new universe and give it a new speech. Needless to say I knew that I had neither the materials nor the power.

"There is, you will say, poetry being written. That is true. There are poets who command the folk-song note which grows out of a simple acceptance of things as common as birth and as self-sufficing as the grass. Paul Fort has that note in his brief ballads about sailors; many German and Scandinavian poets have it; Ridgeley Torrence found it when he wrote The Son, which I am often tempted to consider one of the most permanent of American poems. And there are writers like Régnier and Rilke and Stefan George who built themselves long ago a world of quite pure and timeless loveliness out of the dreams of their own souls, which neither war nor hunger nor any pain of man has touched. But I cannot live in blue or russet gardens of the soul or towers of ivory and flawless gold. Then there are powerful talents who seek, like John Masefield, to override their inner difficulties by sheer bravado and speed and a show of vitality. But ultimately vitality is a matter of the mind which is more powerful than hurricanes or hunting parties. And I wonder what Masefield's narratives will seem to be in another twenty years. Or there is Vachel Lindsay who knew that he needed a synthesis and accepted one ready made which is a mixture of the crassest delusions of the crowd. He persuades us for a moment by naked vigor and a kind of splendid impudence. But when you reflect, his poetry crumbles and the empty rhythms remain.

"You will say that my criticism is acrid in proportion to my own impotence. But I love poetry far more than my own poetry and I am never tired of promoting the interests and reputation of those poets who, like Siegfried Sassoon in England and Franz Werfel in Germany and William Ellery Leonard in America, are busy building a new world of things and thoughts and speech. Only since I do not wholly share their faith I cannot reach their sources of inspiration. The historic process has destroyed more in me than it has in them. And the importance of my personal experience arises from the fact that it must be far from unique and so help to clarify much that is dark in the character of the poetical literature of this day.

"Do I, then, and the many others like me, never write? Oh, yes. The wistfulness is in our hearts. Every now and then verses form themselves despite our will. But these verses are tentative and dim and like the words of watchers for a lost dawn. They are all like a poem that was brought me the other day. It is studiously simple, yet with intrusions of an eloquence in which the writer no longer believes; its substance and form are a question, and an aspiration after both and a forlorn hope:

> "'Poets have written about lovely things,
> And I could try to write about them, too.
> I have seen the sea-gull float on level wings
> And ocean mornings melt into the blue.
>
> "'Only, you see, there is this pulse of pain
> That beats at every heart's core, every one's;
> Stabs like an arrow straight into the brain,
> Booms at your bedside like a bell of bronze,
> And, though you deaden it with love or wine
> Or work or travel, there's no anodyne,
> None, that will stop its leaping up again.
>
> "'And so I have no time for dawns because
> I want to reach the blood-root of that ache
> And find out why it gnaws and gnaws and gnaws,
> And strangle it as though it were a snake.
> And if I'm through with that before I die
> I'll wander with you where the sunset glows,
> And watch the streaming swallows in the sky
> Or rest my heart considering the rose.'"

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The Near East and Public Opinion

By PAXTON HIBBEN

Brusa, July 25

THE result of the Greek offensive, which has just ended in the capture of Afium Kara Hissar, Kutahia, and Eski Shehr by the Greeks, has come to the public and press of the United States as a complete surprise. Similarly, last November the elections in Greece took us unawares. Then, the defeat of Venizelos was conveniently explained away, however, by the assertion that the Greeks were, like every one else in the world, war weary, and had voted against Venizelos to escape further military service. The general mobilization in Greece after the elections and the present Greek campaign in Asia Minor, therefore, also came to us as a surprise. Now in any field of reporting other than that of foreign politics, three such signal examples of demonstrated misinformation of the public would have caused newspaper offices and newspaper readers to question, seriously, the reason for such persistent errors.

When I arrived at Brusa from Eski Shehr, after its capture by the Greeks, I found in my mail three significant editorials clipped from New York newspapers. One, from the *Evening Post* of June 21, with the catchy heading "Constantine's Inoffensive Offensive," minced no words: "The much-advertised Greek offensive against Kemal Pasha," it says, "will not come off." Yet it did come off. Another, from the *Sun* of June 21, asserts with equal positiveness: "Since the reverse of Afium Kara Hissar the Greek army has kept in pretty close contact with the coast, and has given none but verbal evidence of any intention to renew the difficult offensive that has already cost thousands of brave soldiers." A fortnight after this appeared I was myself behind the Greek lines at Outrak, only some thirty miles from Afium Kara Hissar and over 150 miles as the crow flies from the coast. The truth is that there had been very concrete evidence of an intention to renew hostilities at the time the *Sun* asserted that there was not. The third editorial was from the *Tribune* of the same date. It was this paper's usual diatribe against King Constantine of Greece, but perhaps more astute than either the *Sun* or the *Evening Post* it ventured no positive statement, merely predicting disaster for anything and everything that Constantine might undertake. The promised disaster, however, has not yet appeared.

Now it should be no source of satisfaction to American editorial writers to make easily demonstrated misstatements of fact. It may be assumed, indeed, that they do so only because they themselves have been systematically misled. Now to anyone out here in the Near East, four things have in their day been as clear as the sun: (1) That Venizelos would be defeated in the Greek elections; (2) that Constantine would be recalled to the throne of Hellas by an overwhelming vote of his people; (3) that his return would be the signal for a determined effort on the part of the Greeks, single-handed if need be, to enforce the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres; and (4) more recently, that the failure of the hasty Greek offensive last March, far from discouraging the Greeks, simply deepened their purpose to settle the Turkish question once and for all, on the lines of the Sèvres agreement at all costs, or on better terms if possible. Why then have we, in the United States, been given an entirely opposite impression, on each and every one of these four points, with the result that each new event in the Near East has come to us as a shock? The matter strikes at the very root of our reporting of foreign affairs.

As a rule, our newspaper correspondents abroad are conscientious men who no more like to be wrong in what they write than a stock-broker likes to err in advising his clients. But they suffer under two principal handicaps. First, they are sent from place to place on the theory that all the American public wants is facts and that any trained newspaper man can report accurately what he sees. Save in rare instances (when frequently they are not Americans), they have no historical background whatever for what they see. They are good reporters, but they are not and never have been students of European politics, in any large sense. Yet they must report European politics. It is rather like asking an architect to report a major surgical operation. I was discussing the Greek situation with a very keen young American who had represented one of the largest newspapers in the United States in the Near East, for several years.

"Constantine's policy," I said, "is the Trikoupis policy in which he was brought up—don't bite off more than you can chew."

"Who in hell is Trikoupis?" my friend asked.

"He was the man who made modern Greece."

"You don't say! I thought that was Venizelos!"

The second principal handicap of the American newspaper man abroad (I regard the fact that he rarely knows more than a few words of any language other than his own as a minor matter) is that the news from Eastern Europe, from such political outposts as Greece, Turkey, or the Balkans, is regularly cleared for the United States through a central office in Paris, which passes upon the news value of dispatches from this part of the world before forwarding them to America. This central news bureau also sends dispatches of its own, not only about France, but about everywhere in Europe, drawing its information from the French press or from French government sources or local diplomatic missions stationed in Paris. Now obviously if this central news bureau has been sending dispatches of a certain tendency about the situation in Greece or Turkey, drawing its information as usual from these sources, and a cable suddenly comes in from Smith in Athens or Constantinople in direct contradiction, it is only human that the man who has been sending the dispatches from Paris, and passes upon Smith's cable, will say to himself: "What's the matter with Smith? He's clear off the track!" And he can either "kill" Smith's cable altogether as being against the facts, or he can go around to the French Foreign Office and ask about the matter. At the Quai d'Orsay, of course, he receives confirmation of what he has been sending all along—for what he has been sending has emanated directly or indirectly from the Quai d'Orsay. In order to prove to his home office that he has not been an absolute fool, he gets a statement from the French Foreign Office and cables that at the same time that he forwards Smith's cable.

In the latter instance, both cables arrive at the New York or Chicago office of the newspaper, together. The

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French Foreign Office statement is consistent with what the paper has been publishing all along, and on which it has in all probability based editorial pronouncements. Smith's cable is at odds with all of this. The New York or Chicago newspaper, therefore, has the same choice that the central bureau in Paris had: either to kill Smith's cable, or to publish it together with the French Foreign Office statement or something else that will bring it in line with what the newspaper has been presenting to its readers as the facts. In the latter case, the chances are all against Smith's cable being displayed with any prominence.

Nevertheless, Smith is the only man on the spot. Despite the fact that he probably does not know the language and that he has no historical background, he plainly has a better chance of stumbling on the truth than either the man in Paris or the cable editor in New York or Chicago. But the truth that he may have stumbled on has far less chance of ever reaching the newspaper reading public than the regular routine dispatches written in Paris, based on the French press or official or unofficial statements from the French Government.

That, in general, is the situation. To appreciate its consequences in the formation of public opinion in the United States in respect to events abroad and in the standing of our country among nations as a result of the public opinion thus formed, a concrete example will serve more effectively than generalizations. I take the case of Greece and the present war in the Near East because I am most familiar with that situation and because, also, I am at this moment in actual touch with it.

Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece was France's man. The French placed him in power in 1917 by force of arms, and maintained him by furnishing him with whatever funds or military assistance he required. At the Peace Conference they advertised the concessions made to Greece as concessions made personally to Venizelos in order to strengthen his hand. The absurdity of the idea that even the Supreme Council would base territorial decisions affecting generations to come on anything so precarious as the life and political future of a single individual never seemed to occur to anyone in America, so thoroughly had the French point of view been transmitted to our public. America believed that what Greece had received out of the peace settlement was not at all a matter of justice to the Greeks, but a sort of reward given to Venizelos for faithful service to the Allies.

When Venizelos finally found himself forced last fall to permit elections in Greece, the French naturally wanted to believe and did believe that he would carry them, and this view was promptly reflected in the United States. As a result our newspapers were announcing an overwhelming Venizelos victory before the votes were all in. To explain his unexpected and overwhelming defeat our editorial writers were forced to take refuge in the assertion that the Greeks were war weary and that their vote for the return of Constantine was a vote for demobilization.

Almost immediately the French reached an agreement with Turkey looking to a revision of the Treaty of Sèvres and an early evacuation of Smyrna by Greece, for which they wanted to claim credit with the Turks. When, therefore, Constantine on his return to Greece called more troops to the colors with a view to the execution of the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres by force if need be, the French could only meet this gross disregard of their new policy by contemptuously dubbing the impending hostilities in Asia Minor "Constantine's war" and doing all they could to aid the Turks. The American press, as usual, followed the French press in belittling "Constantine's war." But this too was just as erroneous as all the rest had been. Constantine from the first had opposed the Smyrna adventure, and had stated his view frankly in the *Herald* of December 26, 1920. The truth was, as everybody in the Near East recognizes, that the entire Smyrna situation is a legacy from Venizelos, who began his propaganda for the Greek occupation of a very large part of Asia Minor in January, 1915, with two memoranda to King Constantine, which were subsequently made public. He continued this campaign for five years as a maneuver of internal politics, until he had completely obsessed the Greek people with a vision of a vast Hellenic empire to be had for the asking. It was Venizelos who, two years ago, with the secret connivance of France and Great Britain, ordered the Greeks to occupy Smyrna and so involved them in the adventure that it would be impossible for them to draw back. The war in Asia Minor is not therefore Constantine's war at all, but Venizelos's war. Yet it is never so considered in the United States.

Indeed, on the contrary, the peculiar thesis is generally advanced and accepted that had Venizelos remained in power in Greece, the Greeks could have retained Smyrna, unmolested. Yet no one today in the Near East still holds that theory. The French and the Italians and even many British now claim that there will never be peace in Asia Minor so long as the Greeks remain in Smyrna, and it is on that ground that the conference of London to consider the revision of the Treaty of Sèvres was called. Certainly it is plain that whether the Turks accept Greek rule in Smyrna or not is a matter for the Turks, not the Greeks, to decide, and it therefore makes no difference whether Constantine or Venizelos is the leading spirit in Greece. But the impression given the newspaper reader in the United States daily is that for some unexplained reason Constantine's return to Greece has rendered it impossible for the Greeks to remain tranquilly in Smyrna, cordially welcomed by the Turks. As the New York *Tribune* puts it: "He [Constantine] will have destroyed what Venizelos created—a Greater Greece, lodged again on the Asian mainland." The logic is, of course, infantile. But it governs our American view of the whole Near Eastern situation, simply because no sensible explanation of the situation has been presented to us.

Now the directing minds of the French foreign policy do not in the least care who is in power in Greece, so long as French interests are forwarded. Naturally, they prefer Venizelos because they spent a great deal of time and money getting Venizelos in power and keeping him there, and they hate to see the effort go for nothing. They have therefore followed a political tactic not unfamiliar even to us of seeking to discredit Constantine in the eyes of the world in the hope that his fall may bring about the return of their man, Venizelos. And their most effective weapon for use in the United States to this end is the relationship of Constantine, by marriage, to the former Kaiser, and the old allegation that Constantine, influenced by his wife, the Kaiser's sister, was pro-German during the war.

This we swallow whole in the United States, though it emanates from Paris, not Athens. Here is precisely where direct evidence gathered by an American uninfluenced by propaganda on either side should be available to the American public. Ten minutes' talk with King Constantine or Queen Sophie might convince any average American reporter, as it did me, that one so reticent, so dispirited, so

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diffident as Queen Sophie could scarcely influence her thoroughly Greek husband to any policy contrary to his deep-seated convictions. The facts should be unimportant, now, in any event and certainly no one familiar with the Iliad or modern Hellas would be likely to conceive of a Greek, even royal, continuing to support a side which had lost. The significance of the matter is that again our American view on a point of foreign affairs is not ours at all, but a French view adopted by our press and foisted upon our public, without original investigation. And to anyone familiar with America it is obvious that it is only necessary to continue to harp on Constantine's relationship to the ex-Kaiser to damn him and all his works forever, with a considerable portion of our public.

The French position toward the Greeks in Asia Minor differs little from the French attitude toward the Soviet Government of Russia. France has vast financial investments in and around Smyrna that under the indolent and corruptible Turks paid enormous dividends with little real effort. The French realize that under Greek rule exclusive monopolies will no longer be obtainable on the payment of backsheesh to the proper persons and that they will be faced with competition. Their control of all the commerce in and out of Smyrna through French ownership of the whole present waterfront and quai system of the city will cease to be the secure concession it was under the Turk, for the Greeks will build, as they are already planning to do, quais of their own, and so avoid paying tribute to the French on every pound of export or import passing in and out of the port. French banks will no longer control every financial transaction in Smyrna, and the ridiculously inadequate French railroad that serves the hinterland will have to furnish service commensurate with the large profits paid its stockholders hitherto, or face competition with a Greek railway.

Under the Turks, Smyrna was a gold mine for the French. If only Venizelos were again in power in Greece, his debt to the French would be guaranty that he would leave French investments in Asia Minor alone. Indeed, he might be counted upon to be more favorable to French interests than the Turks, against whom the French had fought. Therefore the French were eager to see the Greeks in Smyrna—when Venizelos was in power. But no other political figure in Greece owes anything to France, so that now Venizelos is out a Greek triumph in Asia Minor would be disastrous to French financial interests. For this reason the French have switched and are now backing the Turks, not only diplomatically and financially, but very effectively with war material and military counsel.

It is this cynical policy of opportunism and exploitation unashamed that we in the United States are regarded by the peoples of the Near East as sharing, because our press echoes the French press and our public opinion follows the French point of view. The French policy, however, is at least based on self-interest, while ours is based merely on a lack of knowledge of the situation. But the peoples of the Near East do not differentiate; they simply class by us that hostility to the Greek claim to the execution of the Treaty of Sèvres which we share, for no reason at all, with the French. Worse, in their eyes we are even more deeply compromised in the business of reestablishing the crumbling Ottoman Empire—a matter in which we have no interest whatever.

There is, of course, no valid reason whatever why the United States should be placed, in the eyes of the people of the Near East, or anywhere else, in the position of favoring the same sort of international intrigue which kept the Turk ruler over more progressive peoples for a century after the forms of democracy and self-government had taken the place of feudalism elsewhere in the world. The mischief is that our public is not in possession of the facts, and under the present system of news gathering for the American press, is not likely to be—a consideration more important from America's standpoint than the mere merits of the Near East question. For it involves the whole cycle of international intrigue and imperialist diplomacy, public opinion, competitive armament, and war—upon which the future of civilization and the individual happiness of the millions depends.

Sacco-Vanzetti—A Reasonable Doubt

By ARTHUR WARNER

THIS is not another Mooney case. Those who have thus described it have done so, no doubt, with a view to interesting organized labor in it. Organized labor ought to be interested in it. So ought unorganized labor. But it ought to be presented to both on its merits and not on a fictitious basis which can only lead to confusion of mind and eventually prove a disservice to the cause itself and to others that may in fact resemble that of Mooney.

In the Mooney case powerful interests set out to get rid of a prominent labor leader, deliberately fabricating a case against him and resorting to bribery and perjury in order to convict him for a capital crime. Nothing of the sort happened to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who on July 14 last were convicted of murder in the Superior Court at Dedham, Massachusetts. Neither man was a prominent labor leader. Both were too alien and too extreme for the established American labor movement. Such reputation as they had was as radicals and that was limited to their fellow Italians and the neighborhood of Boston. They were of too little importance to be persecuted by any powerful interests. It is true that the Department of Justice had made inquiries about Sacco and there is a possibility that it may have been an influence behind the scenes; but of this there is yet no evidence. Nobody pretends that these two insignificant Italians were "framed up" as Mooney was. On the contrary, the police were not looking for them at all; they stumbled by accident into a trap that had been set for another. As to perjury, it is likely that two witnesses knowingly lied—not a large proportion out of more than 150—but it is not necessary to suppose that they were put up to it by any third party. Many others must have told the jury copious untruths, but they did it with the best intentions in

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the world, victims of the universal human desire to make a good showing in public and to pretend to know more than one possibly could or does.

How, then, if this is not a Mooney case and if the two men are innocent, do they stand convicted of a capital crime? Let us rehearse briefly the admitted facts. In broad daylight, in the middle of the afternoon of April 15, 1920, a paymaster and a guard were walking through a street of South Braintree, taking some $15,000 to a shoe factory. Two men, apparently Italians, stepped from one side of the street, shot the paymaster and his guard fatally, took their money, and escaped in an automobile which arrived on the spot just as the act was finished. For three weeks the neighborhood buzzed with the story of the crime, but no arrests were made. Then, on the night of May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti were taken into custody. They had been at the nearby town of West Bridgewater in company with two other Italians, one of whom owned an automobile. The four went together to a garage to get the machine, which had been left for repairs, but did not do so because, according to the story of the defense, the car had no number plate. The police had been looking for the owner of the automobile, chiefly, it would seem, because he was an Italian, lived near the place of the crime, and had a car. The garage owner's wife telephoned the police of the visit and they picked up Sacco and Vanzetti on their way into Brockton on an electric car. The police did not get the owner of the car, who subsequently disappeared so completely that he has not been found since.

This is as far as the uncontested version of the story goes; and thus far there is nothing remotely to connect Sacco and Vanzetti with the South Braintree crime. But certain unfortunate circumstances developed in connection with the arrest of the men. Both were found to be carrying loaded revolvers and both lied about their movements on the night of their arrest and in other respects. Of course the men were wrong to be going about armed, but their offense was one of which many of their countrymen are guilty. The two officers who made the arrest swore at the trial also that both defendants, when taken into custody, had made movements as if to draw their revolvers on the policemen. Sacco and Vanzetti denied this. The jury was doubtless right in disregarding their word in this respect, but it was wrong in placing too much credence in the interpretation that the police placed on such movements as their prisoners may have made. It is notorious that in the interest of their records policemen usually exaggerate the danger and difficulty encountered in making an arrest.

In lying to the police, Sacco and Vanzetti contended at the trial that they did not know they were suspected of the South Braintree crime. They did know that they had both failed to register for the draft in 1917 and that they belonged to that class known as radical aliens, against which the country was in full hue and cry at the time. They had been raising funds for the defense of Andrea Salsedo, held without warrant by the Department of Justice in New York, and a few hours before their arrest had learned that he had jumped or been pushed to his death from the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building. Sacco and Vanzetti further explained that they were seeking an automobile on the night of their arrest for the purpose of going among their radical friends to collect and destroy any literature that might make trouble if found. All this is an excellent reason why the men should not have wished to take the police into their confidence when arrested, and it had to be put before the jury in their defense. At the same time it undeniably prejudiced the jury against the men because it displayed them self-convicted as draft evaders and reds. There was therefore a silent prosecution working against the men throughout the trial that had nothing to do with the case.

The formal prosecution was based chiefly on an attempt to identify Sacco and Vanzetti as participants in the crime on the testimony of eye witnesses. Some thirty persons claimed to have seen either the shooting or the bandits as they escaped in their car. Several identified Sacco and Vanzetti as participants. Many more testified to the contrary. To me the whole mass of this evidence, for or against the defendants, is not worth a hill of beans. There was hardly an unimpeachable story in the lot. Virtually all the witnesses saw the crime from factory windows or otherwise from a safe distance. If they were not at a safe distance when the shooting began, one may be sure that they were before it ended and before they stopped to study the faces of the bandits. Not a single witness claimed a previous acquaintance with Sacco or Vanzetti, which is about the only circumstance which could have led to a valid identification. Furthermore, both defendants had several good alibi witnesses, who said that on the day of the murder Sacco was in Boston getting a passport and Vanzetti was peddling fish in Plymouth.

The State also attempted to prove that bullets used in the murder must have been fired by the revolver found upon Sacco when arrested and that the weapon found upon Vanzetti had been taken by him from one of the murdered men. Two experts of good repute supported this theory. Two experts of equally good repute demolished it on behalf of the defense. The four only proved again the old story: that one can hire experts as readily as one can hire lawyers to back either side. Finally, the prosecution set up the acts and words of the defendants when arrested as proving "consciousness of guilt."

Judge Webster Thayer's charge to the jury has been widely criticized as prejudiced. Examination of it as reproduced from the official stenographer's notes does not reveal some of the objectionable phrases that have been attributed to the judge by persons who have doubtless quoted from newspaper accounts. The opening sentences in which the judge likened the service of the jurymen to that of the "true soldier" and exalted the virtue of loyalty were certainly ill chosen considering the war record of the defendants. Likewise the body of the charge is full of a sophomoric and bombastic rhetoric that makes it more like an emotional plea than a judicial review, but it does not appear to be one-sided except with regard to the emphasis placed on the "consciousness of guilt," to which minor and subtle aspect of the prosecution the judge devoted a third of his entire speech. Much complaint has also been made in regard to the judge's conduct of the trial and the environment of it. The heavy guard with which the defendants were surrounded and the search of spectators for possible firearms are cited in particular. Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted by atmosphere, not evidence, in the opinion of John Lawrence Hurley, professor in the Suffolk Law School.

The judgment of the newspaper men who covered the trial is worth citing as that of an unofficial jury, intelligent and on the whole impartial. Of six men from Boston who were at the trial throughout for newspapers or press associations, five have given me their views. Of these, two think the verdict justified and three believe the contrary. Among the

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three who believe that the State did not prove its case is Frank P. Sibley of the *Globe*, the dean of Boston reporters. For reasons readily understood the Boston newspapers in general have avoided outspoken comment on the verdict, but the *American* has characterized the State's evidence as "most unconvincing."

Now let us turn for a moment to the men themselves. What are they like and how do they fit the crime at South Braintree? That murder was an unusually bold and cold-blooded one—a kind attempted only by the desperado type, by the professional criminal. Sacco came to America at the age of 17 and shortly after became a shoe cutter, eventually one of the fastest in New England. From 1910 to 1917 he worked steadily for the Milford Shoe Company. Then he went to Mexico to avoid the draft, but returned after four months, homesick for his wife and two children, one of whom bears the name of Dante. Sacco took up his trade in Stoughton, and was working there at the time of his arrest. His employer gave him a good character and he was known as a steady, quiet, peaceable man, devoted to his family and his garden. He had $1,500 in a savings bank with which he was planning to take his family to Italy. This kind of man, the steady worker, the home builder, the patient saver, the father who names his son Dante, does not turn bandit overnight.

On the stand Sacco blurted out a little of his philosophy, contrary to advice of counsel and undoubtedly to his hurt with a New England jury composed of a storekeeper foreman, two real estate agents, two machinists, a clothing salesman, a grocer, a lastmaker, a shoemaker, a mason, a farmer, and a mill hand. Yet there is a spirit in his remarks which to the discerning lifts Sacco clean out of the realm of the South Braintree murder. As reported in condensed form in the Boston *Globe*, Sacco said:

> When I was a little boy I thought that in a republic a man had a better chance to develop, to get an education, to build up a family. But when I got here, I found I was wrong. There is more money, but it does not do any good. The laboring man's food is not so good; the working man at home gets fresh vegetables such as he can't get here.
>
> Another thing—I thought here a man was free, free to give his own opinion, not to be put in prison for it as in the Spanish Inquisition. But I found that, too, was wrong; men of education were put in prison, kept there for years, like Debs, put there because he was a Socialist and dared to work for the labor classes. The capitalists didn't want the working class to get up. They do not want our children to go to high school or to Harvard. They want the laboring class low, so that they can put their feet on their necks. Rockefeller gives $500,000 to Harvard or $1,000,000 to a great school. But who goes to Harvard? Not the working people's children.
>
> So that's why I change. And also we don't want war, fight by the gun to kill young men. The war is urged because it is good for business, millions and millions on the side. I have worked beside Irish, beside Germans, and I have loved them all. Why should I kill them? Why should I go to war? We all belong to Nature; we don't need to kill each other.

There it is, in a nutshell, the disillusioned cry of many an idealist alien, down even to the half-pathetic, half-ludicrous detail of fresh vegetables—the men and women whom America has materially fed and spiritually starved. These are not the words of a gunman and bandit, but to the ears of the average jury they would convict the sayer as something almost worse: an alien who is dissatisfied with our civilization and not grateful for what he has received.

Vanzetti is a different type from Sacco. Equally an idealist, equally a lover of his fellow men, he is more of a dreamer and a poet; more also of a thinker and a reader. Had it not been for lack of early opportunity to acquire certain fundamentals, he would undoubtedly have made of himself a scholar. As it is, he has become a contributor to Italian publications and a speaker at Italian meetings. When arrested he had just written an announcement of his intention to speak at a meeting to be held a few days later, and had given the draft to Sacco to have printed. The announcement was found in one of Sacco's pockets by the police. To most persons this alone would be presumptive evidence of Vanzetti's innocence. Would any sane man who had committed a crime seen by more than a score of persons come into the neighborhood less than a month afterward and address a public meeting?

A glimpse of Vanzetti appears in a letter written in prison, after his conviction, to Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans. In his odd English he writes in part:

> Thanks to you from the bottom of my earth for your confidence in my innocence; I am so. I did not spittel a drop of blood, or steal a cent in all my life. A little knowledge of the past; a sorrowful experience of the life itself had gave to me some ideas very different from those of many other umane beings. But I wish to convince my fellowmen that only with virtue and honesty, is possible for us to find a little happiness in the world. I preached: I worked. I wished with all my faculties that the social wealth would belong to every umane creatures, so well as it was the fruit of the work of all. But this do not mean robbery for a insurrection.
>
> The insurrection, the great movements of the soul do not nedd dollars. It need love, light, spirit of sacrifice, idears, conscience, instints. It need more conscience, more hope and more goodness. And all this blassing things, can be seeded, awoked, growed up in the heart of man in any way but with robbery and murder for robbery. . . .
>
> And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, the intelligence, all, all of what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody: Do not violate the law of nature, if you do not want to be a miserable. I remember: it was a night without a moon, but stary. I sit alone in the darkness, I was sorry, very sorry. With the face in my hands I began to look at the stars. I feel that my soul want goes away from my body, and I have had to make an effort to keep it in my chest. So, I am the son of Nature, and I am so rich that I do not need any money. And for this they say that I am a murderer and condemned me to death.

Such are the men that stand in the shadow of death. It is hard to understand, on the evidence, why they were not given at least the benefit of the "reasonable doubt" which the law concedes in favor of every accused person. The only explanation seems to be that as radical aliens and draft evaders they were regarded as *a priori* guilty of anything else and their defense was disregarded *in toto* by the jury.

Reasons for a new trial will be placed before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on November 1. The effort to gain such a rehearing deserves the moral and financial support of every believer in justice.

Contributors to This Issue

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Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster

By EDWARD A. STEINER

I HAD come straight through northern France to Switzerland, depressed as one must be, viewing even though casually from the car windows the remaining wreckage of the Western Front. There is method in keeping the scars of the war raw and unhealed, for these devastated towns, with their skeletons of churches and homes, make hatred of the invading foe inevitable. It was a relief to come into the shelter of the everlasting hills, to breathe the unpolluted mountain air, though Swiss men, like men everywhere, have suffered spiritually, and their hearts are cramped by suspicion and hatred of foreigners.

I heard that Professor Foerster was living temporarily in Luzern, Munich having become impossible for him, because after the armistice he called Germany to repentance and to an acknowledgment of her guilt. He was not satisfied, as were many of his contemporaries, merely to forget the past and to turn resolutely to the future. "Such a future," he declared, "is nothing but a painted-over past. There is no future for him who does not clarify the past, who does not liberate himself bravely from the entanglement of that which has happened, who has not passed through the purgatory of self-accusation and humiliation. Without these there is no turning about, no changing of the currents of life." To him the collapse of the German offensive and all the humiliation in the Peace of Versailles are the verdict of a world judgment against the unreasonable and cultureless action of German nationalism since 1866. With the unblurred vision of the prophet of God, he called the German people to repentance, and his reward was persecution and exile.

I found him occupying a rather poorly furnished apartment in a very modest hotel in the heart of the city of Luzern, with a recompensing view of the lake and the mountains. He is tall, sinewy, and blond, and so winsome in spirit that I quite forgot to note the details of his appearance, and cannot describe them, although I sat opposite him for two very blessed hours. I had not come to interview him, so asked no questions; but we had a heart to heart talk, as if we had known one another for many years, and I had just dropped in to chat. I have known just one other person who had the same truth-seeking eyes, searching one with kindness, like shaded candlelight meeting the dark; who carried about him the same atmosphere of wholesome religion, a kind of contagious spiritual health—and that man was Tolstoy.

There is nothing of the Herr Professor about Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster. His intellect is warmed by a religious experience which began late in life, his childhood having been spent in a home which, though permeated by a noble idealism, lacked the specific religious atmosphere. His father who was born in Schleswig was professor of astronomy at the University of Berlin. His mother was a Friesian, and while it was a typical German environment in which he grew up, it was the Germany of the pre-Bismarckian period. He lived his childhood and boyhood in the atmosphere of the German fairy tale, in the idealism of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder. Just as his home, which was in the university park connected with the observatory, seemed like an island separated from the ocean of houses in the city, so his soul and intellect developed apart from the new Berlin, which was dominating Germany and changing it.

Very early in his academic career he came in touch with Felix Adler, who was then lecturing in Berlin, became his ardent disciple, and began to edit a weekly paper called *Ethical Culture*. In its columns he made his struggle against the Bismarckian glorification of "blood and iron," against the Hegelian deification of the state, warning against the short-sighted policy of might, "which is sure to come in conflict both from within and from without, with the new demands of life, and the new psychological situations and problems, which cannot be solved by this method."

When both the youth and the gray heads of Germany were under the spell of the temporary success of that method, he warned against the judgment day; and that he had prophetic insight the immediate past has proved. He continued his struggle against this perversion of the German spirit from the platform of a lectureship at the University of Vienna, and finally at the University of Munich, where he occupied the chair of pedagogy. He was a "thorn in the flesh" of the militaristic party, which tried in vain to silence him, but could not because of his popularity among the German youth, to whom he had brought a wholesome and sane theory of education.

In his religious life he has become truly catholic, his contact with the poor and wretched in Berlin and the work of the Salvation Army inspiring him deeply; while his sojourn in Austria and Bavaria has made him acquainted with the noble mysticism of the Roman Catholic church, which he admitted into his soul, though he has not sought or cared for its ordinances. His is a militant religion, the peace he seeks comes through struggle, and the kingdom of God for which he hopes is not through observation. I take the liberty of quoting from an unpublished manuscript on my desk, a book which is to be his spiritual confession. "Truly, the kingdom of God is not only within; there is a Divine world high above this fragment in which we live; we must 'take the kingdom of God with violence,' we must draw it to us that it may draw us to itself. Here upon the earth we must demonstrate that we belong to God, and not to the Earth spirit." It is this genuine, brave, struggling, Christian spirit in him which sustained him through the war, and which makes him look with hope for the coming of the redeemed Germany; redeemed not by the sword of vengeance, but by repentance and good words.

I went from Luzern to Munich, where I had long talks with his colleagues and pupils. Many of them disagreed with him during the war, and nearly all of them think him unjust in his insistence upon Germany's guilt for the war; but all of them love him and acknowledge his influence for good upon German youth and upon the many readers of his books. I recall a conversation with a Catholic priest. "Foerster," he said, "was born two thousand years too late; he belongs among the Apostles." Another said he was born many centuries too soon, "Germany is not ready for his message."

No man who knows the truth and seeks to realize it in his own life and make it regnant in the life of the nation is born either too late or too soon; and Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster was born just at the right time; for he embodies the better Germany which was and helps maintain the faith that a nobler Germany may arise out of the ashes of her humiliation.

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Contemporary American Novelists

By CARL VAN DOREN

IX. UPTON SINCLAIR

THE social and industrial order which has blacklisted Upton Sinclair has, while increasing his rage, also increased his art. In his youth he was primarily a lyric boy storming the ears of a world which failed to detect in his romances the promise of which he himself was outspokenly confident. His first character—the hero of "Springtime and Harvest" and of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling"—belonged to the lamenting race of the minor poets, shaped his beauty in deep seclusion, and died because it went unrecognized. Mr. Sinclair, though he had created Stirling in his own image, did not die. Instead, he began to study the causes of public deafness and found the injustices which ever since he has devoted his enormous energy to exposing. If that original motive seems somewhat inadequate and if traces of it have been partially responsible for his reputation as a seeker of personal notoriety, still it has lent ardor to his crusade. And if he had not discovered so much injustice to chronicle—if there had not been so much for him to discover—he must have lacked the ammunition with which he has fought. As the evidences have accumulated he has been spared the need of complaining merely because another minor poet was neglected and has been able to widen his accusations until they include the whole multitude of oppressions which free spirits have to contend against when they face machines and privilege and mortmain. The industrial system which true prophets have unanimously condemned for a century and a half helped to pack Mr. Sinclair's records from the first; the war, with its vast hysteria and blind panic, made it superfluous for him to add much commentary in "Jimmie Higgins" and "100%" to the veritable episodes which he there recounted. On some occasions fact itself has the impetus of propaganda. The times have furnished Mr. Sinclair the keen, cool, dangerous art of Thomas Paine.

To mention Paine is to rank Mr. Sinclair with the ragged philosophers among whom he properly belongs, rather than with learned misanthropes like Swift or intellectual ironists like Bernard Shaw. An expansive passion for humanity at large colors all this proletarian radical has written. By disposition very obviously a poet, working with no subtle or complex processes and without any of the lighter aspects of humor, Mr. Sinclair simply refuses to accept existence as it stands and goes on questioning it forever. "Samuel the Seeker" seems a kind of allegory of its author's own career. He, too, in the fashion of Samuel Prescott, inquires of all he meets why they tolerate injustice and demands that something or other be done at once. These are the methods of the ragged philosophers, whereas the learned understand that justice comes slowly and so rest now and then from effort; and the ironists understand that justice may never come and so now and then sit down, detached and cynical. Naive inquirers like Upton Sinclair take and give fewer opportunities for comfort. How can any one talk of the long ages of human progress when a child may starve to death in a few days? How can any one take refuge in irony when agony is always abroad, biting and rending? How can any one leave to others the obligation to assail injustice when the responsibility for it lies equally upon all, whether victims or victors, who permit it to continue? In common intercourse a questioner so relentless begins very soon to bore the questioned, especially if they are less strenuous or less inflamed than he and can keep up his pitch neither of activity nor of anger; but this is no proof that such an inquiry is impertinent or that answers are impossible. Indeed, the chances are that the proportions of this boredom and the animosity resulting from it will depend upon the extent to which grievances do exist about which it is painful to think for the reason that they so plainly should not exist. A complacent reader of any of Mr. Sinclair's better books can stay complacent only by shutting up the book and his mind again.

Without question the various abuses which these books set forth have their case somewhat weakened by the quickness with which Mr. Sinclair scents conspiracy among the enemies of justice. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that he should so often fly to this conclusion; he has himself, as his personal history in "The Brass Check" makes clear enough, been conspired against. But some instinct for melodrama in his constitution has led him to invent a larger number of conspirators than has been necessary to illustrate his contention. In "Love's Pilgrimage," for instance, a brilliant novel, Thyrsis suffers tortures from the fact that it takes time for a poet, however gifted, to make himself heard. In reality, of course, the blame for this lies in about the same quarter of the universe as that which establishes a period of years between youth and maturity; to complain too bitterly about either ruling is to waste on an inscrutable problem the strength which might better be devoted to an annoying task. Mr. Sinclair, however, cools himself in no such philosophy. He dramatizes Thyrsis's hungry longings and cruel disappointments on Thyrsis's own terms, making the boy out a martyr with powerful forces arrayed against him in a conspiracy to keep ascendant genius down. Consequently the narrative has about it something rather shrill and febrile; it is keyed a note or so too high to carry full conviction to any but those who are straining at a similar leash. So also in "The Profits of Religion"—which is to the present age what "The Age of Reason" was to an earlier revolutionary generation—Mr. Sinclair excessively simplifies religious history by reducing almost the whole process to a conspiracy on the part of priestcraft to hoodwink the people and so to fatten its own greedy purse. He must know that the process has not been quite so simple; but, leaving to others to say the things that all will say, he studies "supernaturalism as a source of income and a shield to privilege." Here again his instincts and methods as a melodramatist assert themselves: he warms to the struggle and plays his lash upon his conspiring priests in a mood of mingled duty and delight; and yet in his passionate way he makes his point.

"The Profits of Religion" and "The Brass Check" belong to a series of treatises on the economic interpretation of culture which will later examine education and literature as these two have examined the church and journalism and which collectively will bear the title "The Dead Hand." Against the malign domination of the present by the past

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Mr. Sinclair directs his principal assault. In the arts he sees the dead hand holding the classics on their thrones and thrusting back new masterpieces as they appear; in religion he sees it clothing the visions of ancient poets in steel creeds and rituals and denying that such visions can ever come to later spirits; in human society he sees it welding the manacles of caste and hardening this or that temporary pattern of life to a perpetual order. As he occasionally suspects conspiracy where none exists, so he occasionally suspects deliberate malice where he should perceive stupidity. Now stupidity, though certainly the cause of more evils than malice can devise, is less employable as a villain: it is not anthropomorphic enough for melodrama. Mr. Sinclair is moral first and then intellectual. Touching upon such a theme as the horrors of venereal disease, he feels more than a rational man's contempt for the imbecility of parents who will not instruct their daughters in anything but the sentimental elements of sex; he feels the fury toward them that audiences feel toward villains; he hardly notices that the fools mean well. It is much the same with his novels written to display the follies of fashionable life, "The Metropolis" and "The Moneychangers": he finds more crime than folly in the extravagant pursuit of pleasure on the part of the few while the many endure hunger and cold, homelessness and joblessness, ignorance and rebellion and premature decay. Though the satirists may smile at the silly few, the ragged philosophers must weep for the miserable many; and they are nearer, on the whole, than the satirists to the disinterested critics, who know that stupidity at its densest can make crime look trivial by comparison.

Class-consciousness is a great advantage to the writer of exciting fiction, as numerous American novelists have shown —standing ordinarily, however, on the side of the privileged orders. Mr. Sinclair in "The Jungle," his great success, taking his stand with the unprivileged, with the wretched aliens in the Chicago stockyards, had the advantage that he could represent his characters as actually contending against the conspiracy which always exists when the exploiters of men see the exploited growing restless. What outraged the public was the news, later confirmed by official investigation, that the meat of a large part of the world was being prepared at great profit to the packers, under conditions abominably unhygienic; what outraged Mr. Sinclair was the spectacle of the lives which the workers in the yards were compelled to lead if they got work—which meant life to them—at all. Thanks to the conspiracy among their masters they could not help themselves; thanks to the weight of the dead hand they could get no help from popular opinion, which saw their plight as something essential to the very structure of society, as Aristotle saw slavery. Mr. Sinclair proclaimed with a ringing voice that their plight was not essential; and he prophesied the revolution with an eloquence which, though the revolution has not come, still warms and lifts the raw material with which he had to deal. Nothing about him has done more to make him an arresting novelist than his conviction that mankind has not yet reached its peak, as the pessimists think; and that the current stage of civilization, with all that is unendurable about it, need last no longer than till the moment when mankind determines that it need no longer endure. He speaks as a socialist who has dug up a multitude of economic facts and can present them with appalling force; he speaks as a poet sustained by visions and generous hopes.

How hope has worked in Mr. Sinclair appears with immense significance in the contrast between "Manassas" and "100%"; the two books illustrate the range of American naturalism and the progressive disillusion of a generation. "Manassas" is the work of a man filled with epic memories and epic expectations who saw in the Civil War a clash of titanic principles, saw a nation being beaten out on a fearful anvil, saw splendor and heroism rising up from the pits of slaughter. And in spite of his fifteen years spent in discovering the other side of the American picture, Mr. Sinclair in "Jimmie Higgins," the story of a socialist who went to war against the Kaiser, showed traces still of a romantic pulse, settling down, however, toward the end, to a colder beat. It is the colder beat which throbs in "100%," with a temperature that suggests both ice and fire. Hardly since "Jonathan Wild" has such irony been maintained in an entire volume as that which traces the evolution of Peter Gudge from sharper to patriot through the foul career of spying and incitement and persecution opened to his kind of talents by the frenzy of noncombatants during the war. To this has that patriotism come which on the red fields of Virginia poured itself out in unstinting sacrifice; and, though the sacrifice went on in France and Flanders, was it worth while, Mr. Sinclair implicitly inquires, when the conflict, at no matter how great a distance, could breed such vermin as Peter Gudge? Explicitly he does not answer his question: his art has gone, at least for the moment, beyond avowed argument, merely marshaling the evidence with irresistible ironic skill and dispensing with the chorus. "100%" is a document which honest Americans must remember and point out when orators exclaim, in the accents of official idealism, over the great days and deeds of the great war.

The road for Mr. Sinclair to travel is the road of irony and documentation, both of which will hold him back from ineffectual rages and thereby serve to enlarge his influence. Such genius for controversy as his may be neither expected nor advised to look for quieter paths; it feels, with Bernard Shaw, that "if people are rotting and starving in all directions, and nobody else has the heart or brains to make a disturbance about it, the great writers must. . . ." It is fair to say, however, that certain readers heartily sympathetic toward Mr. Sinclair observe in him a tendency to enjoy scandal for its own sake and to generalize from it to an extent which hurts his cause; observe in him what seems a superfluous gusto when it comes to reporting bloody incidents not always contributory to any general design; observe in him an occasional overuse of the shout and the scream. He has himself given an example—"100%"—on which such critical strictures are based; in that best of his novels as well as best of his arguments he has avoided his own defects. A revolutionary novelist naturally finds it difficult to represent his world with the quiet grasp with which it can be represented by one who, accepting the present frame of life, has studied it curiously, affectionately, until it has left a firm, substantial image in the mind. The revolutionist must see life as constantly whirling and melting under his gaze; he must bring to light many facts which the majority overlook but which it will seem to him like connivance with injustice to leave in hiding; he must go constantly beyond what is to what ought to be. All the more reason, then, why he should be as watchful as an artist in his choice and use of the modes of his particular art. His effects are his ends and his triumphs.

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In the Driftway

NEITHER Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Imperial British Cabinet, nor Ja'afar Pasha, Secretary of State for War in the new Mesopotamian Kingdom of Irak (made in England), is troubled by that hobgoblin of little minds, consistency. Ja'afar Pasha won the iron cross from Germany and a commandership in the Order of St. Michael and St. George from Britain, all in the same war; and Winston, who plays both ends against the middle in Arab politics, thus recites admiringly the history of his friend Ja'afar:

He began the war fighting against us at the Dardanelles, and he received a German iron cross. He then came around to the Western Desert, where he commanded the army of the Senoussi against us. He fought, I believe, three battles, in two of which he was victorious, but the third went amiss from his point of view, and he was wounded and pursued by the Dorsetshire Yeomanry and finally caught in the open field, taken to Cairo as prisoner of war, and confined in the citadel. He endeavored to escape, but, being a somewhat ample personage, the rope by which he was descending from the wall of the citadel broke and precipitated him into a ditch, where his leg was broken. While he was in the hospital recovering from these injuries he read in the papers that King Hussein, the Sheriff of Mecca, had declared war upon the Turks, and he immediately saw that he was on the other side to what he had hitherto thought. He therefore made representations to the Arab leaders at Mecca, and after some hesitation he was given a command in their army. He very speedily rose to a position of high confidence and distinguished himself greatly in the fighting which took place in the next two years. He was finally given the commandership of St. Michael and St. George by Lord Allenby in a hollow square of British troops composed almost entirely of the same Dorsetshire Yeomanry which had ridden him down.

* * * * *

WINSTON himself did not achieve decoration by both sides in the same war, though he received enough abuse from either to warrant recognition by the other. Out in Arabia he intends to secure better treatment. There he is friend to all, to Hussein, King of the Hedjaz, and to Hussein's foe Bin Saud. He pays them all. He tells the Commons that Britain gives substantial "aid and assistance" to Hussein. Then he reports that Bin Saud "has long been in a state of warfare, raid, and reprisal with King Hussein and with his neighbors generally," and adds that "we have arranged to continue the subsidy which Bin Saud has hitherto received from the British Government of £60,000 a year, together with a lump sum of £20,000." Could generosity go farther? Surely these desert enemies will both decorate Winston with Orders of the Sandy Crescent and Scimitar until his manly double breast outglitters even Ja'afar's.

* * * * *

BIN SAUD'S Arab followers, the Wahabis, are, according to Winston, a sort of Moslem Calvinists.

The Wahabis profess a life of exceeding austerity, and what they practice themselves they rigorously enforce on others. They hold it as an article of duty, as well as of faith, to kill all who do not share their opinions, and to make slaves of their wives and children. Women have been put to death in Wahabi villages for simply appearing in the streets. It is a penal offense to wear a silk garment. Men have been killed for smoking.

Charming people, these Wahabis. They rather remind the Drifter of some of his American friends.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bigotry and Murder in Birmingham

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for August 31 there appeared an article by Mr. Charles P. Sweeney, entitled Bigotry Turns to Murder, discussing the recent murder of the Rev. Father James E. Coyle by Rev. E. R. Stephenson. Living in Birmingham, the writer of this letter can corroborate nearly everything Mr. Sweeney said about the Catholic situation here, except that the people are not quite so ignorant about Catholicism as he would have his readers think, but the antagonism is as strong as he represented it to be. However, the casual reader would be misled by that article as far as the actual murder is concerned.

First, let us understand the real status of Mr. Stephenson as a minister. Mr. Sweeney referred to him in one place as a "former minister in the Methodist Church," and in another paragraph as having been "removed as a minister in the Methodist Church, South, because he gained the name 'Marrying Parson' by spending his days at the courthouse to earn a living performing marriages hot off the license bureau griddle." What he said of Mr. Stephenson's method of earning (?) a living is true, but he was not removed from his church because of it. The Methodist Church, South, in which he was ordained, remonstrated with him about the way he was making his livelihood, whereupon he left that church in anger and joined the Methodist Church, North. But at the time of his leaving he was "in good and regular standing" in the Southern church, and the other accepted him on that basis. At the time of the murder, he was still an ordained minister and was continuing to make his living in the same way. That he habitually carried a gun was also true.

The events leading up to the murder may be summed up as follows: Several months ago Ruth Stephenson decided to join the Catholic Church, which she did, despite the protests, and, she claims, threats, of her parents. She says that since that time she has been very severely mistreated at home. Then she decided to marry a man named Pedro Gussman, a Catholic. He is a dark-skinned Porto Rican, forty-two years old and twenty-four years her senior. Naturally the Stephenson family strongly objected to this; and Mr. Stephenson says he went to Father Coyle and requested him not to perform the ceremony.

However, on August 11, Miss Stephenson and Mr. Gussman went to Father Coyle and asked to be married. Her father having managed to prevent their getting a marriage license in Birmingham, Father Coyle went with them to Bessemer, a town thirteen miles west of here and connected by trolley lines. There the necessary license was obtained and they were married.

For the rest of the circumstances we have to accept Mr. Stephenson's word almost entirely. He says that he was walking along the street and happened to pass the Catholic parish house. Father Coyle was sitting on the porch in his swing, as was his custom at that time of the afternoon, and seeing Stephenson invited him to come in. He then told him about marrying the couple, whereupon Stephenson called him a "dirty dog." Upon being told not to repeat that, he said it again. Father Coyle then struck him, he claims, knocking him to his knees. He then drew his hand back as if to put it in his pocket, making Stephenson think he was going to draw a gun, whereupon he pulled out his own and fired. He then calmly walked to the courthouse in the same block and gave himself up.

Though at first it was said that there were no eye-witnesses to the tragedy, one man has been found who says that he saw the shots fired and that Stephenson was on his knees at the time, thereby corroborating that claim of the defendant. Mrs. Gussman's testimony is against her father. She has no use for her parents, apparently, and would not even visit her mother after the tragedy.

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It is interesting to note that on September 5, the day before Stephenson was indicted by the grand jury for murder in the second degree, Mrs. Gussman left her husband. She wrote a letter to the newspapers, stating that Mr. Gussman had "sold away his honor," by agreeing to testify in favor of the defendant when the trial comes up. She says that he is going to tell all sorts of lies about her, and Father Coyle, and others, in return for which he is to receive money from the True American organization. She stated that she had lost all faith in human nature and that it would be many years before she would get it back. Gussman, when interviewed (before her letter had been received), stated that there had been no quarrel and that he did not have the least idea why his wife had gone. He stated positively that he did not intend to testify at the trial and that he hated all the publicity he was getting.

Father Coyle was beloved in Birmingham by all Catholics and many non-Catholics, and no matter what good or otherwise objections Mr. Stephenson may have had to his daughter's marriage, certainly no one can say that the murder of Father Coyle was justified, or even excusable. But it is certain that the anti-Catholic forces in Birmingham, especially the so-called True Americans and the Ku Klux Klan, will leave no stone unturned to find something against this good man and thus try to vindicate the murderer.

What Mr. Sweeney said in his aforementioned article about Birmingham being the hotbed of Watsonian anti-Catholic sentiment cannot be denied. It is the dirtiest blot on our otherwise fair city. But let the rest of the country understand, please, that there are some of us Protestants here who deplore this condition, and have no use for any such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan and the True Americans, or for their underhanded methods of bringing about what they call justice.

As has been mentioned, Mr. Stephenson has been indicted for murder in the second degree. This carries a minimum penalty, if convicted, of ten years and a maximum of ninety-nine.

As Mr. Sweeney says, "Let the country watch Birmingham during the progress of the case against Stephenson, not for the details of a wretched murder, but for the appearance of forces that will seek to put the murderer on a pedestal of patriotic heroism, and perhaps send him to Congress to help Watson legislate and educate." It is highly improbable that he will be sent to Congress, but the rest of Mr. Sweeney's suggestion might possibly be carried out.

Birmingham, Alabama, Sept. 7 GERALD LANGE

The Vicious Sales Tax

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congressional sessions these days are devoted largely to discussions of the national budget. Big business wants to be relieved of paying so much income tax and excess-profits tax. The cost of "running the Government" ("running" it into debt) is becoming oppressive. The present Administration is to "take care" of big business. The workers can take care of themselves; as the Irishman said, "God help the rich, the poor can work." President Harding concurs.

Much business pressure is behind the proposal to tax sales. That means that everything you buy will have a sales tax tacked on it. The people will make a big howl about this, but the job of the Government is to take the squeal out of the people. That is easy. The pathetic public will be told that the money is to be used to pay bonuses to the soldiers who made the world safe for democracy, and democracy comes high. Of course, nothing will be said about the fact that the money could be raised by income tax, excess-profits tax, or tax on land values; we are going to forget that.

There are several reasons for taxing sales. Business men like it, because they collect the tax and then multiply it a few times just for fun. When there was a tax on luxuries the tradesmen collected five, ten, and in some cases fifty times the tax. Cigarettes carried a tax of ten cents a hundred—that is one-tenth of a cent each; but the dealers added a charge of from one to five cents a package of ten. The one-cent tax on theater tickets the proprietor often converted into a five- and ten-cent tax. If a 1 per cent tax is placed on sales, we can be pretty sure that the merchant will add 2 or 5 per cent to the goods. It is just as easy. He pays the 1 per cent to the Government and keeps the rest—that is his charge for collecting it. He is not to be blamed.

But this all means that while the Government sets out to collect an extra billion dollars a year the consumers will be made to pay several billions in the process. But why should the consumer be expected to complain? Taxes in the United States have always been paid by him. Until the excess-profits tax was enacted practically all taxes were indirectly passed on to the consumer. The poor man has always paid the most taxes. If he was a wise poor man he knew it. On the other hand, if he was a poor fool, he thought that he did not have to pay taxes because the tax collector did not come to his door and hold him up for the cash. Taxes have always been indirect.

All of which goes to show that whatever hocus-pocus is put over on the people the consumer pays the freight. That is the reason it is wise for the consumers to organize as consumers to run their own freight yards and handle their own yard-sticks.

The Tax League of America has been organized to promote this scheme. It should be called The Taxidermists' League for skinning the people. It is, as might be expected, a league of merchants, manufacturers, and big-business men. The kept press is with them. They say it will restore business to normalcy, or hardingcy. Representative Longworth's tax-revision plan is simple, succinct, and satisfying. Everybody who expects to sell things takes out a license at $1 per year—the same as the dog. But he is not to be muzzled; he can bite anybody who comes his way. The tax collector has his number. He can then go to it as hard as he wants to. Once a month he foots up his gross sales and sends his check for 1 per cent of the amount.

But the consumer does not get off as easily as it looks. He is about in the position of the man who was bit by a lady's pet dog, and she wanted him arrested because it made the dog sick. Where the consumer gets it is in the fact that goods are not sold once; they go through many hands. And then there is the raw material, too. One per cent every time anything is sold will pile up a good big bunch of 1 per cents for the consumer to account for in every commodity he buys.

The hide for a pair of shoes is sold by the farmer (1 per cent), by the commission merchant (1 per cent), and by the tanner (1 per cent). The tanner uses a lot of things which have all paid 1 per cent. Then the shoe factory buys a hundred other commodities, besides the leather, all paying the 1 per cent—even the grease for the machines. Then when all of these 1 per cents have been tacked on to the shoes, the shoes start out like a snowball rolling in 1 per cents. The manufacturer pays it, the commission man pays it, the retailer pays it—over the left. Not a blessed one of the lot pays it. The whole collection of 1 per cents is paid by the poor consumer who takes it into his head that he needs a pair of shoes.

Two things will wake up the people: suffering and education. Education they resist. It looks as though they would have to purchase freedom with the coin of suffering.

New York, August 16 J. P. WARBASSE

Hugo Grotius

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On behalf of the Union Académique Internationale, which is about to publish the complete writings of Hugo Grotius, the eminent Dutch statesman and author (1583-1645), I desire to locate in American libraries and collections original letters of Hugo Grotius. I will be greatly obliged for any information concerning such material. It should be sent to me at Leyden University.

Leyden, Holland, September 2 A. EEKHOF

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The Arbitrator

Is Bolshevism Curable?

SOME OPINIONS AND A POSSIBLE SOLUTION

A PROMINENT stock broker, who has sometimes made $100,000 a year, said to us recently, "If we live long enough, we shall see industrial socialism"—a strange admission from one of the profession whose horizon is bounded by the ticker. Most capitalists are unwilling to face the fact that the dreaded equalizer has a possible chance of becoming operative, and it is entirely natural that all who enjoy luxuries in excess of the average man should oppose the spread of ideas which might deprive them of their advantage. The only way they see to cure bolshevism is the use of repression—raids, deportation, denial of freedom of speech, suppression of literature, ostracism. It never occurs to them that there may be some underlying cause for the unrest, some injustice that may be righted. Familiar as they are with the English Revolution, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, they fail to comprehend that all of these rebellions originated in an accumulated sense of injustice. A revolution is not without honor save when it is in progress. We can agree with the conservative that revolutions may be all very well in the past, but unpleasant in our own time—and unnecessary.

The methods which characterize the revolution that is most prominent now are called bolshevism, and have been so misreported that it is impossible to find the truth about them. Some say that Russia is now ruled by the majority; others claim there is a dictatorship of a small minority. In the New York *Times* of August 11, 1921, appear the two following statements:

> The Americans safe out of Russia are unanimous in their belief that no group is developing strength likely to upset the Bolshevist Government, but think that famine may achieve its overthrow because the masses belittle the Government for the reason that it has abandoned the first principles of communism and has failed to execute its decrees.

That implies, does it not, that the masses favored the communism of Soviet Russia; that the Bolsheviki had at one time the support of the majority? But the *Times* was fortunate enough to secure material for three columns in the same edition to counteract that impression. It quotes from two aristocratic and unnamed girls:

> The dynasty of the Czars was once hated, but it is now loved, for all true Russians despise bolshevism and what it stands for . . . Bolshevism is the rule of a few anarchists of the lowest type over all the real Russian middle class. If a man is a good talker or a good killer he can become a leader. No other qualifications are necessary. Education and wealth are looked upon by these leaders as leprous things.

As the word Bolsheviki means majority it is probable that the majority of Russians at the inception of the revolution desired a change. Moreover, the ability of their new Government to continue during these years of world distress denotes continued approval by a large number. But there is no unanimity yet as to what bolshevism stands for in Russia, or here. The idea of Hugh MacNair Kahler (who must be very intelligent, as he has written stories containing "millions of words" and has appeared pictorially in the Boston *Herald*) is that "bolshevism has a bunch of sapheaded reformers who start with the principle that work is a curse . . .," whereas the prevalent opinion heretofore has been that the trouble with bolshevism was that no one could have a vote unless he worked. The latter is what bothers us when we live on the income from our investments.

In response to our request for a definition of bolshevism, Professor Alfred C. Lane, the geologist, writes that it is "the belief in forcing communistic institutions on an indifferent or hostile population." The American Legion takes the view that "a casual study of the definitions (Webster's) applied to bolshevism and anarchism discloses that they mean practically one and the same thing . . . that bolshevism as defined by Mr. Webster means terrorism, and terrorism means despotism." Others write us that bolshevism is a short cut to the practice of Marx's law of value which will cause happenings to "the old theories and institutions not dreamed of in the philosophy of Roger Babson." "Cooperative labor, hand and brain, is the one essential factor and force of general welfare." "Bolshevism is an endeavor to bring the theory and idea of socialism into practice, immediately, by the power of the workers." "Bolshevism or communism is the liberation of the urban and rural proletariat from the grip of capital and imperialism, whose selfishness creates wars, ignorance, slums, and depression." "Man rose from the communism of the savage to the individualism of civilization."

Probably the best statement is that prepared for us by Miss Ellen Hayes, the astronomer:

> The Russian Revolution of November, 1917, is the most important social achievement of which history has any record. Bolshevism as a statement of the basic ideas underlying that revolution together with a program for their expression in deeds means to me the final ethic: the right adjustment of the human race to the planet on which it has originated as well as the right relationship of groups of the race *inter se*. Doctrines of duty have never given, nor do they promise, any proposition more fundamental than the simple one that every human creature of sound mind and uncrippled body shall pay his way with useful labor. "If a man will not work neither shall he eat."
>
> The labor laws, the land laws, the marriage laws of Soviet Russia form incidentally but necessarily an indictment of all other governments past and present. By contrast these laws point out the pretensions and insincerities and injustices of other nations. That the Soviet Republic is forced to encounter the enmity of the present Powers should occasion no surprise; for the prevailing arrangement of society into the class that makes and the class that takes is now jeopardized. Governments realize that at all costs, through falsehood and fraud and force, such a government as the Russian Republic must not be permitted to continue. But even if the Soviet Government should perish forthwith, bolshevism, as the expression of the faith in which it was founded, can never die; because it sets forth ideas whose time has come. Human life—not the life of a few but that of the whole race—will be made more tolerable, marked by larger worthiness, filled with greater happiness, in proportion as the bolshevik ideal leads the way.

The Dennison Plan

IN so far as the corporate fund of the Dennison Manufacturing Company is the property of investors, it is in the form of preferred stock, which gives to its owners a fixed return, representing interest and compensation for risk. But this preferred stock gives no share either in the net profits or in the control of the corporation. The in-

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vestors are in the position of lenders and not in any sense a part of the body corporate.

Each year the profits remaining after dividends on all outstanding stock of any kind have been paid are re-invested in the business and against this investment shares of stock are issued called Industrial Partnership Stock.

Two-thirds of this stock is voting stock and is issued to the Managerial Industrial Partners in proportion to their relative salaries. These are the managerial employees of the company—employees who have been with the company at least five years, and whose positions require the exercise of managing ability and control over methods of manufacturing and marketing, such as an executive, principal foreman, chief clerk, or principal salesman; or whose work shows the use of a high degree of imagination, tact, or business judgment.

Since this is the only voting stock the entire control of the company is in the hands of the managerial employees, and since this stock is non-transferable and must be exchanged for second preferred stock when an Industrial Partner leaves the company, the control will always remain exclusively in their hands.

The remaining one-third of the Industrial Partnership stock is non-voting, and is distributed among the Employee Industrial Partners, in relation to the length of their service. These consist of all employees other than the Managerial Industrial Partners who have been over three years with the company. All employees who have been with the company long enough to have become thoroughly identified with it thus share in the profits of the company.

Finally, all non-managerial employees of the factory though not sharing the direct control of the company participate with the Managerial Industrial Partners in the management of the company through their representation in the General Works Committee. The General Works Committee consists of about sixty representatives of the employees, elected by departments. It meets without the presence of any member of the Management. It is free to discuss any factory problem or policy and to make recommendations in regard thereto for the approval of the Management. In practice, it has become an active and important factor in management and through it all non-managerial employees participate in the direction of the company.

The Works Committee Plan by providing for the adjustment of grievances has made them rare; by providing a committee of representatives it has made possible government with the consent of the governed; and by providing joint committees for the thorough and thoughtful investigation of specific subjects it has secured the opportunity to create continuously new plans for efficiency and contentment which will make sure a steady progress in the future.

The first preferred stock pays dividends at the rate of 8 per cent; the second preferred stock at the rate of 7 per cent; and, after these dividends have been paid, one-half of the remaining net profits is distributed as dividends to the holders of Industrial Partnership stock, not to exceed 20 per cent in any year; the remaining net profits are distributed in the form of stock, two-thirds to the Managerial and one-third to the Employee Industrial Partners.

When first organized, this plan provided that the entire voting power of stockholders should be vested in First Preferred and Industrial Partnership Stock together, but after $1,000,000 of Industrial Partnership Stock had been issued, the voting power remained with the Industrial Partnership Stock alone. If the dividends average less than 4 per cent for a year, or less than 6 per cent for twenty-four months, the voting power will return to the First Preferred only; so the Managers lose their control if they fail to make the business a success. This is not a permanent loss unless for thirty-six months dividends average less than 7 per cent.

Arbitrary Comment

THE industrial partnership plan presented above is the best cooperative arrangement in actual operation that has come to our attention. If all corporations had been organized from their inception along these identical lines, the tendency toward bolshevism in this country might not be so apparent. There would have been no absentee ownership, no speculative stocks so no accumulation in the hands of a few of wealth from stock manipulation; no distrust because of secrecy and exclusiveness in managing the business, no inducement to loaf on the job; fewer strikes and a greater feeling of mutual interest. The "good-will" of each company would be capitalized in the hearts of its personnel.

Not only would the employees have benefited by a universal adoption of the Dennison Plan, but many investors would also be better off. The average man would be thankful enough to receive a fixed return—even though less than 8 per cent—regularly from his securities. It is the speculators and promoters who have never been satisfied with reasonable profits. The outcry against the excess profits tax demonstrates this point clearly, for this abused tax does not operate until the net return exceeds 8 per cent.

If capital will only be reasonable, it may still have the opportunity of retaining the system under which it receives interest on its investment, and may postpone the advance of industrial socialism, which is desired by some immediately and by others through gradual processes. Capital must yield to some extent now. It must realize the necessity as well as the justice of recognizing the importance and power of manual labor. It may then reach a comfortable old age. Now it is feeling quite shaky and miserable. There is still time to save the system. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wrote recently in the *International Labor Review* describing the attitude, in which he profoundly believes, "which takes cognizance of the inherent right and justice of the cooperative principle underlying the new order, which recognizes that mighty changes are inevitable, many of them desirable, and which does not wait until forced to adopt new methods, but takes the lead in calling together the parties to industry for a round-table conference to be held in a spirit of justice, fair play, and brotherhood, with a view to working out some plan of cooperation which will insure to all those concerned adequate representation, will afford to labor a voice in the forming of industrial policy, and an opportunity to earn a fair wage under such conditions as shall leave time, not alone for food and sleep, but also for recreation and the development of the higher things of life."

While Mr. Rockefeller talks about it, Mr. Dennison does it. Conditions in their respective industries are undoubtedly different, but by sacrifice on the part of stockholders, cooperation could be adopted.

Do you favor compulsory cooperation for corporations, and in what form? If cooperation were compulsory and universal, would it afford the relief which bolshevism claims to provide?

The Arbitrator,
P. O. Box 42, Wall St. Sta., N. Y. C.

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Books

Colonial Freedom and Imperial Cooperation

British Supremacy and Canadian Self-Government, 1839-1854. By J. L. Morrison. Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons.
The British Commonwealth of Nations. By H. Duncan Hall. London; Methuen & Company, Ltd.

OF the academic solidarity which, almost as much as any other single cause, at present binds together the far-flung parts of the British Empire each of these volumes is a notable example. Professor Morrison's belongs to that well-established and honorable tradition of research in colonial material conducted by old country scholars in connection with their services in colonial classrooms. Mr. Hall's, on the other hand, belongs to that more recent, though equally valuable, category of critical inquiries into the evolution and operation of British imperialism undertaken by young colonials as one of the results of the training and opportunities afforded them by the universities of the homeland. The former is an intimately informed yet stylistically vigorous presentation of the physical and social background amidst which were enacted some of the most momentous scenes in the drama of Canadian constitutional development, and of the personalities of the vice-regal actors who in turn occupied the spot-light positions on the colonial stage during that trying sequence of tragi-comic political episodes whose denouement was so happy—no thanks to the enlightened intentions of some of the actors.

The latter work, including as it does in its purview not only the progressive reconciliation of the conflicting claims of imperial supremacy and colonial self-government in Canada, but in all other portions of the British domain as well, naturally lacks the background of detail that characterizes its fellow, but it is none the less authoritative. Indeed it is in a compelling manner that Mr. Hall unfolds his carefully documented account of the shortcomings of the old colonial system, of its general replacement by the seeming anomaly of "responsible government" in the colonies, of the gradual spread of the joint principle of colonial freedom and intra-empire cooperation largely through the deliberations and accomplishments of a succession of colonial and imperial conferences, and of the final triumph and official confirmation of this principle in the course of the cordial copartnership between the mother country and the colonies in the World War and in the peace negotiations at Versailles. If the reader of this book fails to share the hopeful confidence of its author as to the beneficial effects of this long advance toward a harmonious imperial-colonial relationship on the future organization of the world, it will not be by reason of inadequacy or inaccuracy in the historical survey upon which Mr. Hall's optimism is based.

Professor Morrison gives us an unusually valuable interpretation of Canadian affairs between the departure of the Earl of Durham from Quebec armed with the findings that were to produce his memorable report—since acclaimed as the Magna Charta of colonial liberties—and the complete administrative recognition of the validity of its recommendations nearly fifteen years later on during the colonial secretaryship of Earl Grey. His superiority to other historians lies in the fact that he approaches his subject from the sociological and humanistic point of view rather than solely from that of politics and law. The outstanding effect of this wiser method of disclosing the significance of the events of this period is that for the first time the student of Canadian history may obtain a vivid and realistic apprehension of the immense difficulties of a situation dangerously complicated on the one side by a scarcely qualified incompetency, by lack of sympathy and imagination, and even by sheer stupidity of the part of officialdom, and on the other by the inexperience and ignorance in matters of state, the impatience and excitability, and not seldom the downright brutality, of the frontiersman. Plainly, nothing short of a series of providential accidents could happily untangle such a snarl. That these accidents occurred, Professor Morrison makes rather clearer than perhaps he had any purpose of doing. Of the Canadian governors-general whom he introduces to his readers all but one, Lord Elgin, under whose regime "responsible government" was first accorded wholehearted official indorsement, appear as little better than helpless puppets in the hands of a merciful fate. Lord Sydenham, who succeeded Durham, is credited as usual with having accomplished the impossible in furthering the cause of colonial harmony and imperial unity, but it remains a question whether his sudden taking off was not quite as opportune an event in promoting the ends toward which the leading colonists were then striving as was all his whirlwind political activity. Moreover, Lord Sydenham probably fares slightly better than he deserves at the hands of Professor Morrison through being credited with the desire of carrying out the proposals of the Earl of Durham for effecting reform in Canada. What Sydenham came out to Canada to achieve, however, was not the fulfilment of the Durham dream of colonial autonomy but the putting into effect of a compromise plan arrived at by his political chieftain, Lord John Russell. Sydenham, indeed, was an edged tool in the hands of his master, fashioned in a manner wholly to that master's liking. The inherent and strangely uncalled for crookedness in diplomacy which characterized Lord John Russell no one can doubt since "The Education of Henry Adams" was released for public perusal. During the tenure of Sydenham's immediate successors in the governor-generalship of Canada the drift of politics was steadily in the direction of increased self-sufficiency in the provincial legislatures; but it was a drift by no means subjected to the conscious direction of the representatives of the Crown in the colonies. When Lord Elgin assumed office in 1847 he was faced with tremendous necessity of determining finally upon a mutually satisfactory adjustment of the prolonged conflict of interests between the home authorities and the colonists, or of precipitating the British Empire into a certain and rapid process of disintegration. To Elgin's enduring fame he shared the vision of his father-in-law, the Earl of Durham, as to the fundamental principle of reconstruction; namely, the immediate concession to Canada of the right to determine political issues of purely Canadian concern. Fortunately in carrying this ideal into execution Elgin had the loyal support of Earl Grey, the Secretary of State for the Colonies under whom he served. In fact Grey's clear understanding and willing acceptance of the fundamental condition requisite to a sensible solution of the colonial problem mark him as justly entitled to the place Professor Morrison assigns him as one of the great triumvirate of Great Britain's nineteenth century imperial statesmen. The other two are, of course, Durham and Elgin. Truly it was a red-letter day among the few which shaped the destinies of the British Empire when Earl Grey penned these shrewd and pregnant words to Elgin: "I can have no doubt that you must accept such a council as the newly elected parliament will support, and that however unwise as relates to the real interests of Canada their measures may be, they must be acquiesced in, until it shall pretty clearly appear that public opinion will support a resistance to them." So for precedent's sake he committed to official black and white what had already been rendered irrevocable by practice.

The opening engagements in the battle for colonial freedom being won, the question remained, What next? The answer is best found in Mr. Hall's volume. For the perplexities produced by the granting of the first considerable degree of colonial self-government, the remedy has ever been more self-government; and for the assured alternatives of separation or federation, which latter device the Tories, now despairingly, now blusteringly, have insisted upon as the only way out of a hitherto impossible situation, there has been substituted more and more frequently the principle of voluntary cooperation between colonies and the mother country. Mr. Hall traces progress through

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the various stages of local control over tariffs; the formation of dominion confederations; the assumption of the right to negotiate foreign trade agreements first through the mediation of the British Foreign Office and then directly; the appointment of dominion high commissioners to Great Britain; the gradual restriction of the right of appeal from the colonies to the imperial privy council; the unsolicited colonial offers of trade preferences to the mother country; local control of colonial immigration; the dominion assumption of the tasks of local defense and the building of dominion naval units; sporadic consultations between dominion and imperial Cabinet heads, followed by similar consultations at fixed and greatly lessened intervals, culminating in the expedient, as yet but temporarily adopted, of dominion resident ministers in London; the sharing of the fortunes of the World War by the colonies as the partners and allies of Great Britain, not as her inferiors in the privileges of statehood; their identical participation in the parleys of the peace conference at the close of the war; their independent signing and ratification of the peace treaty; and the admission of their right to the same action on all treaties or agreements affecting them entered into by the British Foreign Office; and finally to the promise, still unfulfilled, of a Canadian ambassador at Washington. Through all these, and more, steps Mr. Hall traces the irresistible march toward absolute equality of status among the constituent nations of the British commonwealth. In his view the *constitutional*, though not the *legal*, independence (the distinction is one upon which Mr. Hall is always careful to insist) of the colonial members of the Britannic alliance is no longer a desideratum awaiting the future attainment of their citizens, but is already a *fait accompli*. All that is wanting to bring it into international cognizance is a formal declaration of its existence. According to Mr. Hall there exists at present no problem of colonial status; but only the problem of maintaining what has been recently acquired. With rare intelligence and earnestness he addresses himself to the task of solving it, evolving as the result of his labors an extensive layout of machinery for intra-empire consultation and cooperation, based in part upon what has long been in use in the conduct of British colonial affairs, and in part upon the constitution of the League of Nations, which as everybody knows took shape in the mind of General Smuts in consequence of his study of, and admiration for, the British theory of coincident imperial control and colonial autonomy. Whether or not the suggested system of more or less interlocking conferences of governments and parliaments, scientists and financiers, of general staffs, courts, bureaus, committees, and secretariats, would function, it is certain that no scheme or formal imperial federation could be devised that would today stand the ghost of a chance of being put into operation. If Mr. Hall's proposals, or something like them, will not do, then nothing will, and the ancient and honorable firm of John Bull and Sons may as well prepare for dissolution. In times of normal strain the rather loosely knit structure of government here outlined would probably serve its purpose. To the objection that it might crumple under the unexpected stress of a crisis such as that of August, 1914, there is always ready the assurance that such crises are never quite so unexpected as those of us who read only the newspapers are led to suppose.

Of Mr. Hall's tolerance and wisdom the following comment concerning the difficulties which the Irish situation offers to the realization of his hopes for an improved organization of the Empire is thoroughly characteristic: "Until some generous solution of the Irish problem is achieved, that bitterness [which the Irish emigrants take with them] will remain, poisoning the political life of each dominion, and poisoning the relations between the dominions and England, as it is poisoning the relations between England and that country where the majority of the Irish race now live—the United States of America."

A single consistently sustained thesis appears throughout both these books, though it would hardly be subscribed to by the author of either. It might be briefly summarized thus: With occasional noteworthy exceptions, every genuine advance in the development of the colonial policy of the British nation has been initiated and brought to fruition by colonial statesmen, unaided by or rather in spite of, British Cabinets; the much talked of British genius for colonial administration amounts to little more than a willingness to yield to the inevitable at the eleventh hour, not however without the frequent necessity of an additional fifty-nine minutes.

V. L. O. CHITTICK

Little Visiters

Russia from the American Embassy. By David R. Francis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Voice of Russia. By M. Alexander Schwartz. E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Economics of Communism, With Special Reference to the Russian Experiment. By Leo Pasvolsky. The Macmillan Company.

AMBASSADOR FRANCIS'S account of his experience in Russia is one of the finest literary revelations since Daisy Ashford's. He met the Czar, and the Czar "smiled in a pleased manner," and "was exceedingly pleased" as the American Ambassador pattered on about his hunt for a house, and he presented his staff "one by one to the Emperor, who shook hands with each. I said something about each man, and the Emperor also made some personal remark to each." All this took place, the Ambassador carefully relates, "in a large room about 120 feet long and about 40 feet wide, richly furnished in gold and red and lighted by hundreds of electric lights." It must have been very impressive, for "the diplomatic corps numbered over eighty persons; the chief of every mission was in uniform except the American; seven members of the American mission were in full-dress suits with white vest, white tie, and white gloves—the two Naval Attachés and the Military Attaché, were, of course, in their dress uniforms." How the State Department must have felt its knowledge of Europe broadened when it received such dispatches from the American Ambassador at Petrograd!

Mr. Francis conscientiously states that his knowledge of Russia "up to the time of [his] appointment had been . . . unhappily slight and vague." His final words "By [joining the League] we can save Russia and put an end to Bolshevism," lead the reader to believe that the nature of his knowledge was little affected by his stay in Russia. To the entire Russian problem he has two solutions: join the League, but more particularly send Mr. Francis to Petrograd armed with a printing press and 50,000 troops.

When the first revolutionary ministry came into power he reported to the State Department that "the members of that ministry are men of education, of good records, some of them possessed of great wealth, and their selection does great credit to the judgment of the commission by which they were chosen." Simultaneously he wrote the American consul-general in Moscow that "I have been much pleased to hear that the president of the ministry, Lvoff, is a first cousin of your mother-in-law and that other members of the ministry are connected with your family. . . . I have been of the opinion that it would be unwise to attempt to establish a republican form of government in Russia just now. . . ." On March 18 he cabled Washington that "there is no opposition to the Provisional Government." Next day Goutchkoff, the Minister of War, told him he doubted whether the Government could hold power for three days. Whereupon he recognized the new government with full formality, and it lived. "I said that as Ambassador I formally recognized the Provisional Government but that I desired to be presented to the President, Prince Lvoff, and to present to him my eight secretaries and attachés and my military and naval attachés in full uniform as I thought it important to make the recognition as formal as possible."

Toward May Day he was telling his Russian visitors that he

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did not know who Mooney was but that only murderers and traitors were ever condemned to death in America, and that America had free speech. On May Day he wrote home that "an ultra-socialist named Lenin has been doing a great deal of foolish talking and has advised his hearers to kill all people who have property and refuse to divide"! He met John Reed in September and regarded him "as a suspicious character." One of Mr. Francis's agents reported, indeed, that Reed thought "the embassies are interfering too much with the internal politics of the country. Mentioned the Marx theory. Apparently knows a great deal about all the socialistic factions here." Obviously a suspicious character in the eyes of Mr. Francis. Mr. Francis strongly condemns Kerensky for not executing Trotzky when he caught him, and for fighting Kornilov instead of making him virtually military dictator, but he had enough love for Kerensky left so that Kerensky escaped in an Embassy automobile flying the American flag. In February, 1918, Mr. Francis had an attack of nerves, and retired to Vologda, whence he later retreated to Archangel, and thence, sick, home. His account of this period is necessarily confused, for it omits both his negotiations with Raymond Robins of the Red Cross and many of the very interesting letters which he wrote from Vologda and which the Soviet Government published. Only his story of the Archangel incidents is really enlightening, with its frank revelation of the part played by the British General Poole in the kidnapping of Tchaikovsky. In that affair Mr. Francis acted with a directness and vigor that did him and his Government credit. But the rest of the tale of his sorry attempts at anti-bolshevist propaganda and of his endeavor to persuade the President to send him back at the head of an army reverts to the note of childish romanticism that is characteristic of the book. The pitiful fact is that through one of the great crises of history America was represented by a pompous ignoramus.

Alexander Schwartz is an honest, dull Russian-American who apparently went to Russia expecting to find Utopia and instead found hunger and misery. He seems to have regarded it as his mission there to tell the Russians how well the American workman was treated; his zeal led to suspicion that he was a spy and brought him and his wife several months of quite unjust imprisonment. His book naturally expresses rather his own resentment than any real "voice of Russia." Something of the extraordinary preconceptions of the man is revealed when he reports that to go to dinner with the delegates of the world revolutionists he "put on the ceremonial frock coat, white vest, and an uncomfortable high collar." He solemnly states that the cannon captured from Napoleon which stand as trophies in the Kremlin are mounted there as protection against the possibility of counter-revolution. The fact that he speaks Russian does not make such a man a credible reporter.

Quite other is Mr. Pasvolsky. He has not been to Russia but he knows Russian, and he has diligently studied the files of *Economic Life*, and the reports of the Second Congress of the Third International and of the Ninth Congress of the Russian Communist Party. The result is a well-documented summary of Communist theory and of economic conditions in Soviet Russia as of 1920. His chapter on the varied soviet policies toward the cooperatives is quite the best summary of the subject available; his story of the railroads is excellent as far as it goes; his account of the failure of the attempted militarization of labor is impressively convincing. His book suffers throughout in that it lacks color: it has neither the biased paint of passion with which Spargo and Walling and others give life to their pages, nor the picture quality which comes from having seen. Mr. Pasvolsky is anti-Communist; he believes that "Communism is impossible without the application of compulsion in the economic life of the country; but economic production is impossible with the application of such compulsion." He dismisses in a page the complicating factors which confuse what he regards as a final demonstration, but his book is a serious and valuable compilation—no such child's work as Francis's and Schwartz's.

L. S. G.

A Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The review of my "The Larger Socialism" in your issue of September 14 contains a serious and unjust misstatement, which I am sure the reviewer himself will be glad to have corrected. The review says:

> His point would have been better supported if he had not fallen heir to an old statistical error. He takes the estimated national income for 1918—approximately $70,000,000,000—divides it by the population in order to find what the average individual income would have been if wealth had been evenly distributed, and comes out with $700 for every man, woman, and child. Such a simple process overlooks the fact that a large share of the national income is not distributed at all, but is used for replacement and new enterprises. If everyone had received his $700 in 1918, he would have had to rededicate a large share of it to saving and investment, or industry would have begun to run down.

In the very next paragraph of the book after that in which the above-mentioned figures are given (p. 53) there are presented several reasons why in actuality the income of $700 could not have been guaranteed each individual in 1918. The last two sentences of that paragraph (p. 54) are as follows:

> Moreover, all of the national income cannot be used for consumption. A share of it must be saved in order to provide for increased capital equipment.

The review continues:

> It is odd that at this point Mr. Benedict did not continue with a discussion of the necessity of a revision of socialist plans for industrial control with a special eye to the introduction of productive efficiency. For if one argument more than another is the bulwark of the anti-socialist, it is that, under bureaucratic government ownership, efficiency deteriorates and incentive is lacking. Here is a very genuine problem, as the experience of Russia has proved. The school of socialists who have come the nearest to visualizing this difficulty and to pointing out ways of avoiding it are perhaps the National Guildsmen.

My discussion of the national income occurred at the end of Chapter II. The very next chapter, Chapter III, is given over almost exclusively to a discussion of the program of the National Guildsmen. It is epitomized on pages 60-64, its claim for maximum efficiency of production is mentioned on page 61, its indictment of bureaucratic government ownership is considered on pages 66-73, the power of labor organizations under a socialist state is discussed on pages 68-69. Indeed, the book concedes the guild socialist indictment of the autocracy of the present political state as owner and manager to the extent of coming out for a political state organized occupationally instead of geographically (pp. 69-73), a position which is not even mentioned in the review's later strictures on the book's alleged failure to recognize "that political evolution lags behind industrial changes." I should be the last to insist that my discussion of the points raised by the National Guildsmen is adequate, for my conclusion is that the theoretical virtues of their program are negatived by its practical inapplicability in the United States: but there is discussion and it is at the point where the reviewer expected to find it.

Bertram Benedict

REVIEWER'S NOTE

Mr. Benedict is entitled to an apology in the matter of the division of the national income; though it is to be feared that the unwary reader would assume from his paragraphs that the present production of consumers' goods is substantially larger than it is. As to the second correction, the reviewer did not mean to imply that the author did not discuss proposals of the National Guildsmen. The review distinctly stated that the author did not regard them favorably, on the whole. Mr. Benedict's discussion, however, had to do largely with safeguarding the rights of the worker on the one hand and of the consuming public on the other, rather than with matters of administration and technical efficiency.

G. S.

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Notable New Books

The Backward Peoples and Our Relations with Them. By Sir Harry Johnston. Oxford University Press.

A concise statement of the case of the imperialist with a conscience. The author knows a great deal; some of it one feels isn't so, e.g., his dogmatic statements on Haiti and Cuba.

The Life of Christ. By R. J. Campbell, D.D. Appleton.

A book which attracts attention because of the reputation of the author and the undying interest in the subject. Disappointing in critical grasp of material and not notable in spiritual insight.

The American Empire. By Scott Nearing. The Rand School of Social Science.

A clear though not profound analysis of the economic causes of the development of imperialism in the United States, with a forecast of future rivalries whose end is war. The alternative in the mind of the writer is international socialism.

Drama

Somerset Maugham Himself

FOR several centuries the drama has been the outcast of English literature. Men thought it good enough as a source of fortune but hardly as a source of fame. Its supposed technique kept them from using it as a vehicle of true expression; a mingled contempt and reverence for their audiences held in check their impulses toward veracity and power. The man who wrote "Tom Jones" threw off nearly a score of now forgotten comedies; the man who wrote "Of Human Bondage" is responsible for as many. But Fielding's action was the more natural. There was not in any vital sense an expressive drama in the England of his day. Nor could he have borrowed fruitfully from the tragedy of Voltaire or the comedy of Marivaux. Mr. Maugham has had the example of Shaw and of Galsworthy and of the Germans among whom he passed his student years. Yet he has gone so far, in the past, as to write for the stage with a hard deliberateness from within the round of illusions he must himself despise. He sank as low as "Caesar's Wife." Perhaps a late uneasiness assailed him. He heeded that warning and wrote "The Circle" (Selwyn Theater).

He does not yet venture a tone that fits his subject and his fundamental mood. He lets the irony lighten and brighten and become farcical; he lingers and hesitates until one almost believes that he is at one with the trivial Pinero who thought that Paula Tanqueray was really an object of tragic compassion because the ladies of the county would not come to tea. Late in the third act the cleaving truth appears. But even here Mr. Maugham will not let it be quite somber or else quite radiant. He swathes it a little with sentiment and muffles it a little with false memories. But it is out. For the first time in the drama his intellectual integrity is intact.

Two subjects seem to haunt the mind of the British playwright: the subject of the socially unequal marriage and the subject of the eloping couple who drag out hopeless lives because their particular social group will have none of them. And the tradition was that the first of these two actions should end happily, as in Robertson's "Caste," and that the second should end wretchedly and vindicate the social solidarity of the British ruling class. Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son" shattered the first of these traditional solutions, Somerset Maugham's "The Circle" shatters the second.

At first the conventional tone seems to prevail. Lord Porteous and Lady Kitty who ran away together thirty years ago return. They quarrel and bicker. He gets tight after dinner because he had to give up his political career and could not go big game shooting with his equals. She is rouged and affected, old without peace or dignity or comfort, because during the thirty years in Italy she had no place or activity in society and had to consort with kept women and shady barons. The once abandoned husband circles about these two with an old bitterness sheathed in a bright, luxurious, goading irony. But the mere visible example of Porteous and Lady Kitty does not suffice to point the moral of their fate. Elizabeth, Lady Kitty's slim and fiery and romantic young daughter-in-law, is just about to bolt with a young man from the Malay Peninsula. Porteous and Lady Kitty do a brave and ghastly thing. They bare their history. Its boredom, its moral seediness, its brief rapture, and its long regret. Elizabeth is frightened and subdued. But her young man makes a final plea. He does not offer her happiness but splendor and despair, not the peace of the world but the sword of the spirit. She goes with him. And as she goes old Porteous rises to a moment of self-recognition that saves the play, crushes a sentimental convention of the stage, and vindicates the mind and art of Somerset Maugham. He and Lady Kitty have failed not on account of what they did but on account of what they were. "We're trivial people, Kitty," he says sadly. It is the right and momentous word, the word that Pinero did not utter even by implication in regard to the Tanquerays. People who go to pieces morally and mentally simply because the members of one small social group cast them off and who therefore herd with pinchbeck imitations of that group are trivial people. The world is wide and full of magnificent persons from all its ends who do not ask after the social register. They whom the social register can bend were never erect in any deeply human sense. It is character that creates the quality of action. Not what you do matters, but what your soul makes of the thing you do.

It will be seen, then, that with "The Circle" Somerset Maugham at last approaches the serious modern drama—the drama in which conflict and solution are transferred from the superficial compacts and modes of social life into that realm of the reason and of spiritual values in which those modes and compacts are themselves questionable and on trial. This is indeed the test of any play: whether it accepts the rules of the social or political or moral game as fixed and final or whether it goes to those sources of truth in the nature of man and of his world which these rules often slander and betray. The hardest thing to do, Maugham wrote in his great novel, is to "establish a contact with reality." It seems hardest of all through the medium of the drama. But in "The Circle" he has established that contact at last.

The Selwyns have given the play an extraordinarily brilliant production. They have recalled Mrs. Leslie Carter to the stage after a fifteen years' absence and she plays Lady Kitty with justness, naturalness, and an undiscordant passing from mood to mood. Mr. John Drew, usually suave and delicate and little more, does a magnificently concrete and telling portrait of old Porteous, and Miss Estelle Winwood exhibits once more that visible ripening in precision and inner veracity which it has been pleasant to watch during several seasons. The first night audience gave these players a great ovation. Whether that ovation included any just appreciation of the difference in quality between "The Circle" and Somerset Maugham's previous plays remains to be seen.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Pan-African Ideals

THE recent Pan-African Congress, sitting in London, issued the following statement "To the World," in which its aims are embodied.

The absolute equality of races, physical, political, and social, is the founding stone of world peace and human advancement. No one denies great differences of gift, capacity, and attainment among individuals of all races, but the voice of science, religion, and practical politics is one in denying the God-appointed existence of super-races or of races naturally and inevitably and eternally inferior.

That in the vast range of time one group should in its industrial technique or social organization or spiritual vision lag a few hundred years behind another or forge fitfully ahead or come to differ decidedly in thought, deed, and ideal is proof of the essential richness and variety of human nature, rather than proof of the coexistence of demigods and apes in human form. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty—rather it fulfils it.

And of all the various criteria by which masses of men have in past been judged and classified that of the color of the skin and texture of the hair is surely the most adventitious and idiotic.

It is the duty of the world to assist in every way the advance of the backward and suppressed groups of mankind. The rise of all men is a menace to no one and is the highest human ideal; it is not an altruistic benevolence, but the one road to world salvation.

For the purpose of raising such peoples to intelligence, self-knowledge, and self-control, their intelligentsia of right ought to be recognized as the natural leaders of their groups. The insidious and dishonorable propaganda which for selfish ends so distorts and denies facts as to represent the advancement and development of certain races of men as impossible and undesirable should be met with widespread dissemination of the truth: the experiment of making the Negro slave a free citizen in the United States is not a failure; the attempts at autonomous government in Haiti and Liberia are not proofs of the impossibility of self-government among black men; the experience of Spanish America does not prove that mulatto democracy will not eventually succeed there; the aspirations of Egypt and India are not successfully to be met by sneers at the capacity of darker races.

We who resent the attempt to treat civilized men as uncivilized and who bring in our hearts grievance upon grievance against those who lynch the untried, disfranchise the intelligent, deny self-government to educated men, and insult the helpless—we complain, but not simply or primarily for ourselves, more especially for the millions of our fellows, blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh who have not even what we have—the power to complain against monstrous wrong, the power to see and know the source of our oppression.

How far the future advance of mankind will depend on the social contact and physical intermixture of the various strains of human blood is unknown. But the demand for the interpenetration of countries and intermingling of blood has come in modern days from the white race alone and has been imposed on brown and black folks mainly by brute force and fraud; and on top of that the resulting people of mixed race have had to endure innuendo, persecution, and insult; and the penetrated countries have been forced into semi-slavery.

If it be proven that absolute world segregation by group, color, or historic affinity is the best thing for the future world, let the white race leave the dark world and the darker races will gladly leave the white. But the proposition is absurd. This is a world of men, of men whose likenesses far out-weigh their differences; who mutually need each other in labor and thought and dream, but who can successfully have each other only on terms of equality, justice, and mutual respect. They are the real and only peace-makers who work sincerely and peacefully to this end.

The beginning of wisdom in inter-racial contact is the establishment of political institutions among suppressed peoples. The habit of democracy must be made to encircle the earth. Despite the attempt to prove that its practice is the secret and divine gift of the few, no habit is more natural or more widely spread among primitive peoples or more easily capable of development among wide masses. Local self-government with a minimum of help and oversight can be established tomorrow in Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea. It will in many instances need general control and guidance but it will fail only when that guidance seeks ignorantly and consciously its own selfish ends and not the people's liberty and good.

Surely in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the millennium of Buddha and Mahmoud, and in the mightiest age of human reason there can be found in the civilized world enough of altruism, learning, and benevolence to develop native institutions for the native good rather than continuing to allow the majority of mankind to be brutalized and enslaved by ignorant and selfish agents of commercial institutions whose one aim is profit and power for the few.

And this brings us to the crux of the matter; it is to the shame of the world that today the relations between the main groups of mankind and their mutual estimate and respect is determined chiefly by the degree in which one can subject the other to its service—enslaving labor, making ignorance compulsory, uprooting ruthlessly religion and custom, and destroying government so that the favored few may luxuriate in the toil of the tortured many. Science, religion, and philanthropy have thus been made the slaves of world commerce and industry, and the bodies, minds, and souls of Fiji and Congo are judged almost solely by the quotations on the Bourse.

The day of such world organization is past, and whatever excuse may be made for it in other ages the twentieth century must come to judge men as men and not as merely material and labor.

This great industrial problem which has hitherto been regarded as the domestic problem of the culture lands must be viewed far more broadly if it is ever to reach just settlement. Labor and capital in England, France, and America can never solve their problem as long as a similar and vastly greater problem of poverty and injustice marks the relations of the whiter and darker peoples. It is shameful, unreligious, unscientific, and undemocratic that the estimate that half the peoples of earth put on the other half depends mainly on their ability to squeeze money out of them.

If we are coming to recognize that the great modern problem is to correct maladjustment in the distribution of wealth, it must be remembered that the basic maladjustment is in the outrageously unjust distribution of world income between the dominant and suppressed peoples, in the rape of land and raw material, the monopoly of technique and culture.

And in this crime, white labor is *particeps criminis* with white capital. Unconsciously and consciously, carelessly and deliberately the vast power of the white labor vote in modern democracies has been cajoled and flattered into imperialistic schemes to enslave and debauch black, brown, and yellow labor and with fatal retribution is itself today bound and gagged and rendered impotent by the resulting monopoly of the world's raw material in the hands of a dominant, cruel, and irresponsible few.

And, too, just as curiously, the educated and cultured of the world, the well-born and well-bred, and even the deeply pious and philanthropic receive their education and comfort and luxury, the ministrations of delicate beauty and sensibility, on condition that they neither inquire into the real sources of their

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income or the methods of its distribution, nor interfere with the legal props which rest on a pitiful human foundation of writhing white, yellow, and brown, and black bodies.

We claim no perfectness of our own nor do we seek to escape the blame which of right falls on the backward for failure to advance, but *noblesse oblige*, and we arraign civilization, and more especially the colonial Powers, for deliberate transgression of our just demands and their own better conscience.

England with all her *Pax Britannica*, her courts of justice, established commerce, and a certain apparent but unreal recognition of native law and customs has nevertheless systematically fostered ignorance among the natives, has enslaved them and is still enslaving some of them, has usually declined even to try to train black and brown men in real self-government, to recognize civilized black folk as civilized, or to grant to colored colonies those rights of self-government which it freely gives to white men.

Belgium as a nation has but recently assumed responsibility for her colonies, and has taken some steps to lift them from the worst abuses of the autocratic regime; but she has not yet instituted any adequate state system of education, she has not confirmed to the people the possession of their land and labor, and she shows no disposition to allow the natives any voice in their own government or to provide for their political future. Her colonial policy is still mainly dominated by the banks and great corporations who are determined to exploit Congo rather than civilize it.

Portugal and Spain have never drawn a caste line against persons of culture who happen to be of Negro descent. Portugal has a humane code for the natives and has begun their education in some quarters. But unfortunately the industrial concessions of Portuguese Africa are almost wholly in the hands of foreigners whom Portugal cannot or will not control and who are exploiting land and labor and reestablishing the African slave trade.

The United States of America after brutally enslaving millions of black folk, suddenly emancipated them and began their education, but it acted without system or forethought, throwing the freed men on the world penniless and landless, educating them without thoroughness and system, and subjecting them the while to lynching, lawlessness, discrimination, insult, and slander, such as human beings have seldom endured and survived. To save their own government they enfranchised the Negro and then when danger passed allowed hundreds of thousands of educated and civilized black folk to be lawlessly disfranchised and subjected to a caste system, and at the same time in 1776, 1812, 1861, 1897, and 1917 they asked and allowed thousands of black men to offer up their lives as a sacrifice to the country which despised them.

France alone of the great colonial Powers has sought to place her cultured black citizens on a plane of absolute legal and social equality with her white, and given them representation in her highest legislature. In her colonies she has a widespread but still imperfect system of state education. This splendid beginning must be completed by widening the political bases of her native government, by restoring to her indigenes the ownership of the soil, by protecting native labor against the aggression of established capital, and by compelling no man, black or white, to be a soldier unless the country gives him a voice in his own government.

The independence of Abyssinia, Liberia, Haiti, and Santo Domingo is absolutely necessary to any sustained belief of the black folk in the sincerity and honesty of the white. These nations have earned the right to be free, they deserve the recognition of the world. Notwithstanding all their faults and mistakes and the fact that they are in many respects behind the most advanced civilization of the day, nevertheless they compare favorably with the past and even recent history of most European nations, and it shames civilization that the Treaty of London practically invited Italy to aggression on Abyssinia and that free America has unjustly and cruelly seized Haiti, murdered and for a time enslaved her workmen, overthrew her free institutions by force, and has so far failed in return to give her a single bit of help, aid, or sympathy.

What then do those demand who see these evils of the color line and racial discrimination, and who believe in the divine right of suppressed and backward peoples to learn and aspire and be free?

The suppressed races through their thinking intelligentsia are demanding:

1. The recognition of civilized men as civilized despite their race or color.
2. Local self-government for backward groups, deliberately rising as experience and knowledge grow to complete self-government under the limitations of a self-governed world.
3. Education in self-knowledge, in scientific truth, and in industrial technique, undivorced from the art of beauty.
4. Freedom in their own religion and customs and with the right to be non-conformist and different.
5. Cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry, and art on the basis of justice, freedom, and peace.
6. The ancient common ownership of the land and its natural fruits and defense against the unrestrained greed of invested capital.

The world must face two eventualities: either the complete assimilation of Africa with two or three of the great world states, with political, civil, and social power and privileges absolutely equal for its black and white citizens, or the rise of a great black African state, founded in peace and good-will, based on popular education, natural art and industry and freedom of trade, autonomous and sovereign in its internal policy, but from the beginning a part of a great society of peoples in which it takes its place with others as co-rulers of the world.

In some such words and thoughts as these we seek to express our will and ideal and the end of our untiring effort. To our aid we call all men of the earth who love justice and mercy. Out of the depths we have cried under the deaf and dumb masters of the world; out of the depths we cry to our own sleeping souls. The answer is written in the stars.

The Chile-Bolivian Dispute

WE print below the text of the "Treaty of Peace and Friendship" concluded in 1904 by the republics of Chile and Bolivia, twenty years after the signing of a truce pact between the two countries. It is this treaty which has been brought before the Assembly of the League of Nations by the representatives of Bolivia, who ask for a revision of the territorial terms. A committee of experts has been appointed to determine the competency of the League to consider such a revision. Omitting the formal introduction and conclusion the text follows:

In execution of the object assigned in Article 2 of the Truce Pact of April 4, 1884, the Republic of Bolivia and the Republic of Chile have agreed to draw up a treaty of peace and friendship and have named and constituted . . . plenipotentiaries for the purpose. . . .

Who, having presented their credentials which were found in order, have concurred as follows:

ARTICLE 1. To reestablish the relations of peace and friendship between the Republic of Bolivia and the Republic of Chile, thereby putting an end to the period allowed by the Truce Pact.

ARTICLE 2. By this treaty the territories occupied by Chile by virtue of Article 2 of the Truce Pact of April 4, 1884, will remain under the absolute and perpetual control of Chile. The limit of south to north between Bolivia and Chile will be that hereinafter mentioned. [Here follows a detailed statement of the boundary agreed upon.]

Within the six months following the ratification of this treaty, the high contracting parties will appoint a commission of

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will each contribute two characteristic essays to these issues.

Mr. Santayana writes in the October issue on the Irony of Liberalism and in the November issue on Dickens—an essay which will astonish and delight the enemies and admirers of both authors.

D. H. Lawrence writes of his travels in Sardinia, an unusual series of sketches reminiscent of his earlier work, Twilight in Italy.

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IDA O'NEIL, Special Correspondent,
The Nation, Sept. 14, 1921.

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engineers to mark out the line of division, whose points, enumerated in this article, will be indicated in the plan attached, which will form an integral part of the present treaty, according to the procedure and at the time to be especially agreed by both chancelleries.

Should any disagreement arise among the demarkating engineers which cannot be cleared up by the direct action of both governments, the question will be submitted to H. M. the Emperor of Germany, as provided for in this treaty.

The high contracting parties will recognize the private rights of the citizens or of foreigners that may have been legally acquired in the territory which by virtue of this treaty will remain under the sovereignty of one country or the other.

ARTICLE 3. In order to extend the political and commercial relations of both republics, the high contracting parties agree to unite the port of Arica with the La Paz plateau, by a railroad which the Government of Chile will construct at its own cost, within one year counting from the date of ratification of this treaty. Ownership of the Bolivian section of this railroad will be transferred to Bolivia at the expiration of fifteen years, counting from the date when the railroad shall be completed.

For the same purpose Chile engages herself to pay the obligations Bolivia might incur for guaranties up to 5 per cent of the capital that may be invested in the following railroads, Uyuni á Potosi, Oruro to La Paz, Oruro through Cochabamba to Santa Cruz; from La Paz to the region of Beni and from Potosi through Sucre and Lagunillas to Santa Cruz.

This compromise shall not involve Chile in a yearly expenditure greater than £100,000 nor exceed the total amount of £1,700,000 which is fixed as the maximum of that which Chile will allot to the construction of the Bolivian section of the railroad from Arica to La Paz and to the guaranties aforesaid, and will remain void and of no value at the expiration of the thirty years indicated.

The construction of the Bolivian section of the railroad from Arica to La Paz as well as that of the other railroads which may be constructed through guaranty of the Chilean Government will be subject matter for special agreements of both governments when the facilities that will be given to the commercial interchange of the two countries come to be considered.

The value of the section referred to will be determined by the amount of the bid that is accepted in the respective contract of construction.

ARTICLE 4. The Republic of Chile engages itself to deliver to the Government of Bolivia the quantity of £300,000 in cash, payable in two instalments of £150,000, the first, six months after ratification of this treaty and the second, one year after the first delivery.

ARTICLE 5. The Republic of Chile assigns for the final settlement of credits recognized by Bolivia as indemnities due the mining companies of Huanchaca, Oruro, and Corocoro and for the balance of the loan raised in Chile in 1867, the sum of 4,500,000 pesos gold of 18d., payable at the option of its Government either in cash or bonds of its external debt, estimated at the price they may be worth in London on the date payment is made; and the quantity of 2,000,000 pesos of 18d. payable in the same form as the former, to cover credits arising from the following obligations of Bolivia: the bonds issued—that is to say, the loan raised—for the construction of the railroad between Mejillones and Carocoles according to the contract of July 10, 1872; the debt recognized in favor of D. Pedro Lopez Gama, represented by Messrs. Alsop & Co., subrogated of the rights of the former; the credits recognized in favor of D. Juan G. Meiggs, represented by D. Eduardo Squire, arising from the contract signed March 20, 1876, on the rental of nitrate plants in the Toco region and, finally, the sum recognized in favor of D. Juan Garday.

ARTICLE 6. The Republic of Chile recognizes the full and free right in perpetuity of Bolivia to commercial transit through its territory and ports of the Pacific. Both governments will arrange in special agreements the most convenient form whereby the aforesaid can be realized without prejudice to their respective fiscal interests.

ARTICLE 7. The Republic of Bolivia will have the right to set up customs agencies in the ports she may designate for her trade. For the present she designates as ports receiving her trade, those of Antofagasta and Arica. The customs agencies will see that merchandise to be transshipped be directed from the pier to the railroad station and be carted and transported to the Bolivian customs in closed and sealed cars and with guides indicating the number of packages, size and mark, number and contents which will be accompanied by landing certificates.

ARTICLE 8. While the high contracting parties agree to draw up a special trade treaty, the commercial interchange between both republics will be governed by rules strictly in accordance with those applied to the other nations, and in no case will the products of either party be placed in a position of inferiority with respect to those of a third party. Consequently the raw as well as the manufactured products of Bolivia and Chile in their importation and consumption into one country or the other will be subject to the same duties in force for the other nations, and all favors, exemptions, and privileges extended by either party to a third can be demanded in equal measure by the other.

The high contracting parties agree to give reciprocally on all their rail lines crossing their territories to the national products of each country the same rate as allowed to the nation most favored.

ARTICLE 9. The raw and manufactured products of Chile and the merchandise nationalized to go through Bolivia will be shipped with their respective consular invoice and with the invoices or guides mentioned in Clause 7. Live stock of all kinds and natural products of small value may be interned without any formality and dispatched by a simple manifestation made in the custom house.

ARTICLE 10. The raw and manufactured products of Bolivia in transit for export will be exported with invoices or guides visaed by the customs of Bolivia and by the officials engaged for this purpose. These invoices will be turned over to the customs agents in the respective ports and without any other formality the goods will be shipped for the foreign markets.

The import trade through the port of Arica shall require formalities similar to those required through Antofagasta, the guides of transit to be visaed in the port in accordance with the specifications indicated in the previous articles.

ARTICLE 11. As Bolivia will be unable to put this system into practice immediately, the plan now being followed in Antofagasta will continue to be used and will also be extended to the port of Arica for a period of one year, a reasonable period being fixed to place the "arancel de aforos bolivianos" in force until such time as it will be possible to regulate the transit trade in the manner already mentioned.

ARTICLE 12. All questions that may come up through the intelligent fulfilment of the terms of this treaty will be submitted for arbitration to H. M. the Emperor of Germany.

The ratifications of this treaty will be made within a period of six months and the signature will be made in the city of La Paz.

Therefore the Minister Plenipotentiary of Bolivia and the Minister of Foreign Relations of Chile signed and sealed with their respective seals and in duplicate the present Treaty of Peace and Friendship in the City of Santiago on the 20th day of October, 1904.

A. GUTIERREZ
EMILIO BELLO C.

[A supplementary note signed by the same representatives provides for a rebate of 10 per cent in the freight rates on Chilian products carried by the railroads to be constructed on Bolivian territory with the guaranty of the Chilian Government; and similar advantages for Chilian products on the Bolivian section of the railroad from Antofagasta to Oruro.]

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